

THE WOMEN'S HARVEST

September 1917

8¢ net

# The QUIVER



**CHECK**  
YOUR ILLS

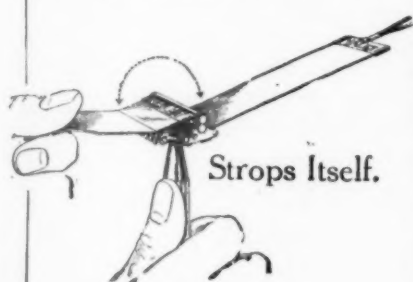


WITH  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

BOOK CLUB  
15 NOV. 1917  
OXFORD.

Pat 1419 2-95

"All your Blades, with care, last months." . . . (See reproduction below.)



Strops Itself.

22/4/17



To The  
AutoStrop  
Safety Razor Co. Ltd.  
LONDON.

Dear Sir,

At Port Said last August I got a Valet AutoStrop Safety Razor and already it has saved me a lot of money in blades. All your blades with care last months.

I regret I did not get a Valet AutoStrop Safety Razor long ago which would have saved pounds.

With it I get a clean, rapid, easy shave and no looking glass or even light is necessary.

Yours truly,

*G. B. Brown*

D. C. O.

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the *only* safety razor combining *all* the essentials of the perfect shaving implement—simple, accurate adjustment—ease of cleaning—blades that cannot be surpassed—and, beyond all, the means of keeping them sharp by automatic stropping *without removal* from the frame.

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" safety razor, twelve specially tested "Valet" blades, "Valet" strop, the whole in handsome leather-covered or nickel-plated case **21/-**

*Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.*

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.

And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

*The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades, indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.*

# SELL YOUR WASTE PAPER

TO  
**PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO.,**  
Ltd.,  
Battersea, S.W.11.

Price List free on application. Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

**The Patent TREASURE COT for Infants.**  
LIGHT—COMFORTABLE—HYGIENIC—PORTABLE.  
No draughts or hard substances to mar baby's comfort. Packs small.  
The Treasure Cot and our other Specialities for the Nursery are British inventions and British made.  
**PRICES FROM 10/6 POST FREE.**  
*(Illustrated Catalogue of Cots and Accessories Free.)*  
**Treasure Cot Showrooms (Dept. M.S.),**  
124 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

**CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP**  
Cleans Carpets like New  
One tablet will clean a large Carpet.  
*(Thousands of Testimonials.)*  
Free Sample on receipt of i.d. stamp for postage.  
**F. CHIVERS & CO., Ltd., 9 Albany W.S., Bath**



## An endless source of pleasure RILEY'S HOME BILLIARDS

The game that provides an equal delight to both sexes of all ages—and in which the youngster can become as proficient as the adult—is Riley's Home Billiards. Nothing so well binds together the family as this scientific yet easy game, that calls up sportsmanship and skill, gives excitement yet relaxation from strenuous daily work, yielding pleasure out of all proportion to its moderate cost.

**RILEY'S "Home" Billiard Tables** are supplied on that every home may have its own table—you pay as you play.

### RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES

fit securely and with perfect balance on any dining table. Made of Solid Mahogany, Fench polished, with best slate bed, low frost proof cushions, ivory or crystal ball, and all accessories included. Every table carries Riley's perfection guarantee.

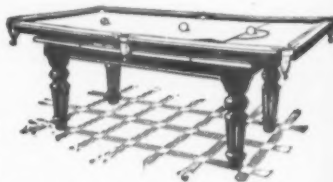
Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£4 10 0	Or in	6 6
.. 2ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£5 10 0	..	5 5
.. 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	£8 10 0	..	10 0
.. 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	£9 5 0	..	13 6
.. 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.	£12 10 0	..	18 6

**SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**—Rileys will deliver a Miniature Billiard Table in your home—and allow seven full days' play in order to test it—FREE.

**FREE Illustrated Catalogue of Home Billiard and Billiard-and-Dining Tables, etc.** Write for it now.

**E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Brandon Works, Accrington.**  
B 1 London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street E.C.

**10/- down.** Send 10/- Postal Order to us this evening and within a few days the £6 10s. size Riley Miniature Table will be delivered carriage paid and packed free, to any address within a mile of railway station in the United Kingdom. The remainder you pay in 14 monthly instalment bits of 10/- Any other price of table in 15 equal monthly instalments.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Table shown resting on ordinary din. table.



## CICFA cured Mrs. White's Indigestion.

*"I starved myself because when I ate the smallest bit of food I suffered most terrible pains from*

# INDIGESTION."

**SOLDIERS CAN NOW OBTAIN CICFA FROM THEIR CANTEENS.**

Mrs. P. White, of Peckham, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to tell you of my wonderful cure by using Cicfa. I am sending my photo, so you may see how well and strong I look now. Although this photo is a perfect likeness of me as I am now, I was a different-looking person before I took Cicfa—in fact I was as thin as a rake. I had an attack of Appendicitis, which left me so that the smallest bit of food gave me such terrible pains in my stomach that I preferred to starve myself. I grew thinner and weaker, and I was so worried as my baby boy was only 5 months old. When I read your advert, telling how Cicfa cured both kinds of Indigestion, I sent for a sample, and by the time I had finished it, and before I had bought any tablets, I ate my first real dinner, and had no pain after it. Now I can eat everything I wish without any pain. I cannot express my thanks enough, as I owe my present health entirely to Cicfa. Make what use you like of this letter, and I will gladly answer any letters from readers about Cicfa.—Thanking you again, I am, faithfully yours, Mrs. P. WHITE."



No words of ours can be more convincing than Mrs. White's testimony, therefore we will simply tell you what everyone should know, viz., that there are two kinds of Indigestion—Stomach Indigestion and Bowel Indigestion—and that neither can be cured by purgatives, effervescent salts, alkalis, etc., because these are all unnatural. They give momentary relief, but the trouble grows steadily worse.

## WHY CICFA CURES AND IS THE ONLY CURE.

Nature produces and pours several different ingredients for digesting the food into the Stomach and Bowel. When she fails to supply enough of these ingredients the food ferments, and there is Indigestion, with Flatulence and Constipation.

Cicfa is the only preparation which contains ingredients that are exactly the same, and that do exactly the same work as those supplied by Nature; therefore, Cicfa cures Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel, and is the only cure. Fermentation then ceases, so there is no Flatulence, no Acidity, no Constipation; the Bile

Circulation is perfected, and there is natural digestion of all food. All the nourishment is extracted and passed into the blood, bringing strength, energy, and complete health to every part.

**IN WAR TIME** your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how

worry often affects the Stomach—indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea, and even vomiting, often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist Digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make indigestion impossible, and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 12,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results produced by taking it themselves and giving it to patients.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa is the only cure.

Cicfa is sold everywhere. Price 1/3 & 3/-

Get Cicfa NOW or TEST IT

**—ABSOLUTELY FREE—**

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



**THE CICFA COMPANY,**

8a Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

*The Quiver, September, 1917.*

# NATIONAL HAIR-GROWING EXPERIMENT

How to rid yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff and secure a Magnificent Growth of Beautiful Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE

Remarkable interest has been aroused in a wonderful and delightful plan of home hair-growing experiments, which every man and woman who takes a pride in his or her appearance and desires to possess a wealth of abundant hair should learn about.

This plan consists of an interesting series of pleasant hair-beauty exercises, in which all the necessary materials are supplied free of charge, and certainly every man or woman, whether their hair be perfectly healthy or whether—and this is only too common—they are suffering from some form of hair trouble, will delight to participate.

The Inventor - Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is responsible for this great experimental Hair-Growing Campaign, and in making this announcement he says:

## MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

"There are millions of people the world over who now practise 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' but I shall not remain content until everyone, without exception, have proved for themselves how easy it is to cultivate beautiful hair. Therefore, in introducing this new campaign I have decided once more to offer a million 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Outfits free, so that every lady and gentleman can prove to their own complete satisfaction that, no matter what the present condition of their hair may be, they can grow healthy, luxuriant, abundant hair at any age."

All you have to do to secure your "Harlene Hair-Drill" gift is to fill in and post the form below. This parcel contains:

1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene" for the hair—the wonderful hair- tonic stimulant and dressing.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest scalp cleanser in the world, which prepares the head for Hair-Drill.
3. A bottle of Uzon Brillantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose hair is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the Hair-Drill Manual.

No matter whether you are suffering from total or partial baldness, thin, straggling, or weak hair, falling or splitting hair, over-greasiness of the scalp,

scurl or dandruff, unruly wiry hair, you will find "Harlene Hair-Drill" will awaken your hair to new life, and will bring back all its natural health and abundance.

Write for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift to-day, filling in and posting the form below, together with 4d. in stamps to cover cost of return postage.

You can obtain further supplies from your chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle (in solidified form for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use); "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brill-

FREE

HARLENE HAIR BEAUTY GIFT



Enjoy a luxurious shampoo with the free supply of "Cremex" Powder in accordance with the instructions you will receive in the Free Gift Parcel. "Cremex" shampoo is delightfully refreshing, invigorating and healthful.

Sprinkle the hair with the refreshing and revivifying Hair-Growing "Harlene," gently massaging the roots of the hair as fully explained in the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, which also accompanies the Outfit.

Should you wish to secure an additional touch of elegance and brightness to your hair, apply a drop or two of the "Uzon" Brillantine, a sample of which is also included in the Hair Health Outfit.

linatine at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty, any or all of these preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

## FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED,  
20, 22, 24 & 26 LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET,  
LONDON, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name .....

Address .....

QUIVER, Sept., 1937.

THE QUIVER

*Minute to stop!*

# CLEMAK

Safety THE MASTERPIECE Razor



Sole  
Australasian  
Agents  
W. Plant & Co Sydney.

*Challenges  
Comparison  
with any Razor in the world!*

**5/9**  
RAZOR IN CASE  
WITH SEVEN BLADES

**4/6**  
STROPPING  
MACHINE WITH  
VELVET HIDE STROP

**10/6**  
COMBINATION  
OUTFIT COMPLETE  
IN LEATHER CASE

OF ALL CUTLERS STORES & OR DIRECT FROM  
**CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO.** - IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, KINGSWAY,  
LONDON, W.C.2

*Moment to clean!*

THE QUIVER



# A MARVELLOUS Invention for THE DEAF.

Write to-day for Booklet  
*Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.*

It does not matter what the cause of your Deafness (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this wonderful appliance as well as others. Age is no barrier, nor the length of time you have been deaf. Mr. R. G. Smith, of Tottenham, was deaf for 24 years, and can now hear as well as anybody. We can give positive proof of hundreds of similar cases.

"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold.

People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing; we send it free to everyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

THE MURRAY CO., 195, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

"IN I WENT" When I saw the name "UCAL" in the Chemist's Window, IN I WENT with confidence, for I know that this NAME is the guarantee of the

UNITED CHEMISTS ASSOCIATION LIMITED.

The Largest Association of BRITISH CHEMISTS in the World.  
EVERYTHING "UCAL" IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.



## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



One of the "Jason" "Excel" Range: Fine-gauge Stocking, seamless, spliced toe, heel and foot. In Black with White, Sky and Helio embroidery.

Price 3/- per pair

Made from pure wool—in Leicester, England, by the world's best hosiery makers. Perfect in construction, and always leading in style. Replaced if they should shrink.

From Drapers and Outfitters all over the World.

In case of difficulty write W. TYLER, SONS & CO., Leicester

To buy British in preference to any foreign-made Stockings and Socks is your privilege as a patriot. To wear "Jason" (ALL-WOOL) Stockings is a luxury in addition—a luxury which is only provided by "Jason," the goods with the EXCLUSIVE silky finish, all-wool construction, ease-giving seamless shape and guaranteed unshrinkability.

**"Jason"**  
ALL WOOL  
UNSHRINKABLE  
QUALITY

Stockings and Socks

For Ladies, Children and Men

Jason	"Grace" Range	...	4/- per pair
Jason	"Primus" Range	...	3/6 per pair
Jason	"Ideal" Range	...	3/3 per pair
Jason	"Excel" Range	...	3/- per pair
Jason	"Triumph" Range	...	2/6 per pair
Jason	"De Luxe" Range	...	2/6 per pair
Jason	"Leader" Range	...	2/3 per pair
Jason	"Elite" Range	...	2/- per pair
Jason	"Superb" Range	...	1/9 per pair



# PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

**PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.**

IN TINS OF 100 . . 4/6

IN TINS OF 50 . . 2/3

**PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.**

IN CARD BOXES OF

100 . . . 3/9

IN CARD BOXES OF

50 . . . 1/10½



*Smaller Packings at*

*Proportionate Prices.*

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

*Terms and particulars on application to—*

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.**

P693

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

## NIGHT-TIME COMFORT

Comfort is the key to restful sleep, and

**LAWRIE & SMITH'S  
REAL SCOTCH WINCEY**

Nightwear is the surest key to comfort

For Ladies' Slumber Suits, Night-dresses, Children's and Men's Pyjamas, there is no other fabric so ideally suited. It gives warmth without weight, will outlast two similar garments made in other materials, and its unshrinkability makes it the most economical.

Real Scotch Wincey is obtainable in a charming range of stripes, self colours, and white. Any of the garments mentioned can be easily and speedily made by the aid of Lawrie & Smith's free patterns, and they will carry their fresh and dainty appearance through numerous washings, and retain their cosy comfort to the end, a deciding factor in choosing Lawrie & Smith's Real Scotch Wincey.

Prices from 1/- per yard.

Lawrie & Smith have also a beautiful range of Tartans in real Scotch colourings, and an assortment of Scotch Tweeds of the latest and most up-to-date designs. Patterns and prices sent on application.

**LAWRIE & SMITH (Dept. F).**

Real Scotch Wincey House, Ayr, Scotland. ☐



Pattern No. 4001. FREE.



Pattern No. 2001. FREE.

Whether it goes to the Wash or not  
—mark everything with

**JOHN BOND'S  
"CRYSTAL PALACE"  
MARKING INK**

An indelible mark prevents loss or theft.

Sold by all Chemists, Stationers and Stores, 6d. and 1s.—for use with or without heating (whichever kind is preferred)

Used in the Royal Households.



MARK EVERYTHING.

**SEND 9 STAMPS TO-DAY to  
Newball & Mason, Nottingham,**

and you will receive by  
return of post a bottle of

**MASON'S  
Extract of Herbs**

sufficient to make 8 GALLONS  
of most delicious Botanic Beer.

**GOOD! IT'S MASON'S**



# STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS

## THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

**Send us your old Umbrella**

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for recovering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

**STANWORTH & CO.,**  
Northern Umbrella Works,  
BLACKBURN.



## HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. Use these Powders with the utmost confidence; they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. 1/- post free 1/2, from F. R. FROESER & CO. LTD., Veterinary Chemists, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM, or through any Chemist, Corn Dealer, or Stores.



## BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

**Why Pay Shop Prices?**

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send post card to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 27 years.

**CHARLES RILEY, Desk 17, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.**

Please mention *The Quiver* when writing for lists.

# SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

**First Lesson Free.**

You can completely acquire the theory of Dutton's Shorthand in 24 hours. This modern, simple high-speed system consists of 29 characters and six abbreviating rules only.

In the recent shorthand contest for novices, cheques for £25 were paid by *The Daily News* to two lady students who passed a test of 100 words a minute after only eight weeks' study of an hour or two daily.

Dutton's Shorthand is now accepted in all Government Offices, and there are many vacancies waiting to be filled at good salaries. 250 Women Clerks are wanted weekly for service in France.

A First Free Lesson, a comparison of the Dutton with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan and Gregg systems, particulars of the Day and Evening Classes at the new London Branch, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., W.C.1 (4 doors west of the British Museum), and of the unique postal course of tuition, will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College, Desk 42, Skegness.

## If There were TOFFEE-SHOPS in the NORTH SEA

—do you suppose the German Fleet would remain in the Kiel Canal? There's not a sailor—cabin-boy or commander—who doesn't love toffee. Especially Mackintosh's.

## MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DELUXE

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins, by confectioners everywhere.







"Diploma"  
Derby Shoe.  
in good quality  
glace kid.

### Good Quality

THE war has tested many things—among others, the quality of Diploma Shoes. They have come out of the test with credit. Diploma Shoes wear splendidly, because the materials and manufacture have been maintained as near as possible to the pre-war standard. Diploma Shoes are honestly made of the soundest leather in dainty and us ful styles. No higher claim need be made.

# Diploma

When in difficulties with regard to footwear, write to the

**NORVIC SHOE CO., Norwich,**

for name of nearest agent for Diploma Shoes.

(HOWLEY & WHITE, LTD.)

## DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

### LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

**Sold Everywhere.**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PERRY & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, E.C.1., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.



## Luce's for 'Headache'

When life seems brightest, "Headache," is often lurking nearest. A little extra jollity, unusual exertion, or an overheated room—and lo! goodbye to happiness.

Be prepared! Have a bottle of Luce's British-made Eau-de-Cologne always handy—and remember that "prevention is better than cure." To prevent headache, put two or three drops on handkerchief and bodice and take deep inhalations; to relieve headache, rub a little on the forehead and behind the ears.

Because of its greater purity and delicacy, Luce's Eau-de-Cologne has a far greater efficiency and a wider range of usefulness than other brands. There are always uses for Luce's.

## LUCE'S ORIGINAL Jersey EAU-de-COLOGNE

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria.

Numerous Gold Medals  
and Highest Awards.

EST. JERSEY 1837.

PRICES: 1/6, 3/3, 6/6 12/6.  
WICKERS: 4/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Of Stores, Chemists and Perfumers,  
and from the Army and Navy  
Stores, Barker's, Harrod's, Hap-  
pell's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, &c.,  
or from

**LUCE'S, High St., Southampton**



The most  
Sporty Toy  
yet produced.

Made  
in  
England.

Tel. Address:  
AUTOSCOOT.  
STOCKPORT.

'Phone:  
913 STOCKPORT.



Sole Manufacturers, Patentees & Owners of the Patents. Works: Chestergate, Stockport.

# Send To-day for the Free-Wheel Auto-Scooter Propelled by Pedal

Give your children healthy Auto-Scooter Joy Rides.

**Easy.** The rider propels the Auto-Scooter with the ease of an ordinary bicycle by simply pressing the lever with the foot. The free-wheel then allows the Auto-Scooter to run on with the acquired momentum.

**Health Giving.** The Auto-Scooter eliminates almost all one-leg development and rapid wear of one foot. Auto-Scooter exercise brings into play all the important trunk muscles. Children cover long distances to school, etc., rapidly and without fatigue on the Auto-Scooter.

**Strong and Simple.** The Auto-Scooter is engineer-made for prolonged service under rough conditions. All metal parts last steel, enamelled black, bicycle finish. Strong, simple free-wheel action. 10 in. diameter wheels, wired-on rubber tyres. Varnished wood parts of well-seasoned larch. Total weight, 12 lbs.

The Auto-Scooter is made in Three Styles, as follows, and is sent complete, safely packed and carriage paid.

MODEL I.—Varnished finish ... 22/6

MODEL I.A.—Varnished and fitted with Mudguards & Aluminium Footplate ... 26/6

MODEL I.B.—Fitted with Mudguards, and Enamelled in Red, Green, Royal Blue, or French Grey ... 28/6

Stocked by all leading Stores, Cycle and Toy Dealers.

Send your order to-day to  
**The Auto-Scooter Co.,**  
CHESTERGATE, STOCKPORT.

## INDIGESTION QUICKLY YIELDS




It is because Mother Seigel's Syrup goes direct to the seat of stomach and liver troubles that it is so successful in banishing disorders of the digestive system. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of roots, barks, and leaves, and these, in combination, act directly on the organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels—toning

### TO THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

and strengthening them to healthy activity. With these organs in proper working order Indigestion becomes impossible. Thousands have testified to the good effects Mother Seigel's Syrup has wrought even after years of suffering.



MOTHER **SEIGEL'S** SYRUP



**Allinson**  
UNADULTERATED  
WHOLEMEAL  
**Bread**

The best way to economise is to eat Allinson Bread, and so conserve supplies without lessening the nourishment necessary for health and strength.

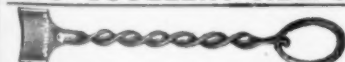
*Has the band on every loaf. Name of nearest Allinson Baker and Literature sent on receipt of post card.*

THE NATURAL FOOD CO. LTD.,  
210, Cambridge Road, London, E. 2.

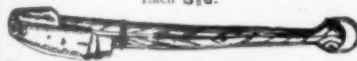
## WAR—CONSUMPTION.

The Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have escaped the Huns' bullets have only done so to be claimed by this insidious germ, the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat it, although it has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone suffering from Consumption or Tuberculosis in whatever form will be wise to write for full particulars of the Stevens' Treatment; or if full details of the case are sent a supply of the remedy itself will be despatched, specially suitable, on the distinct understanding that nothing whatever need be paid for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received and considers the progress made warrants its continuance. Only address, Charles H. Stevens, 204 and 206 Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.

## TWO SCULLERY HELPS!



The "SCULLERY" SCRAPER. Made of Stout Metal. Very handy and useful article for all Pots and Pans. Each 3d.



The "ELBARD" DISH CLOTH HOLDER. The ideal Washer up for all kinds of crockery, &c. No more CHAPPED or SCALDED HANDS. Can also be used with any cloth, duster, sponge or metal scrubber. (As illustrated.) 8d. each.

Both sent post free on receipt of P.O. for it. May be obtained of all Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or write to ELBARD PATENTS CO. (Dept. C), 40 York Road, King's Cross, London, N.1.

## PUBLIC APPROVE HOME ELECTRICAL TREATMENT

### REMARKABLE RECORDS NOW AVAILABLE

Electricity is the soul of life. There is nothing so fine as to feel a gentle stimulating electrological current floating through every fibre of the body, re-awakening lost nervous power, and stimulating functional activities to their proper action.

By adopting a simple, inexpensive Home Electrical Treatment you can regain all that former will power, that splendid vitality and strength, that freedom from digestive or functional disorders which have crippled your life so far. No more poisonous, irritating drugs, but simply the replenishing of every nerve cell with the vital force it is asking for. No matter how weak or nerve exhausted you may be, electrological treatment will give you health and strength.

### NATURE'S OWN RESTORATIVE

With no interference with your daily routine, just wearing a simple appliance that in no way interferes with your business or pleasure, your whole body will be flooded with natural vitality. You are cured while you rest. There is no sudden shock or stimulus, no brain-soddening nerve impulse that alcohol or strong drugs afford. Gently, but with certainty, Nature's own restorative, electric energy, floods your system, and where weakness once held sway strength will prevail.

The secret of all health is nervous force, and nervous force is natural electricity. If you suffer from the agonies of Rheumatism, are tortured with Lumbago, if you are a martyr to Dyspepsia, or troubled with Insomnia or Neuralgia, health is yours for the asking. Read the free book that will be sent you on application.

### VALUABLE HEALTH GUIDE FREE

If you are debilitated, run down, nerve exhausted, dyspeptic, or blood weak, here in this little book you will find the secret of your restoration to health. It will tell you all about the wonderful Pulvermacher Electrological treatment, which inexpensively and in your own home, without interference with your daily routine, will give you amazing strength and vitality that perhaps you never before possessed. It conveys a wonderful message to both men and women, and will be read with absorbing interest. Send at once to the Electrological Institute, 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

## ENQUIRY COUPON

### "GUIDE TO HEALTH & STRENGTH."

To the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Institute, Ltd.,  
17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your free Guide to Health and Strength, also particulars of the Pulvermacher appliances.

Name .....

Address .....

Quiver, Sept., 1917 .....

# SALVIS

## THE CURE for LUMBAGO

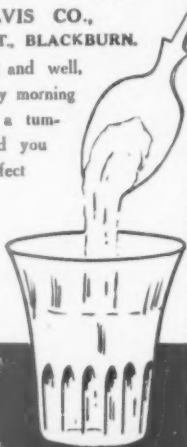
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,  
NEURITIS, CONSTIPA-  
TION, INDIGESTION, and

all Liver, Kidney, Stomach and War-  
bread disorders, as it contains the valu-  
able properties of a famous spring of  
medicinal waters.

Sold in 1/6 Packets at all 'BOOTS' Chemists  
Branches, or Post Free for 18 Stamps from

THE SALVIS CO.,  
10 KING WILLIAM ST., BLACKBURN.

To make you feel fit and well,  
just take regularly every morning  
half a teaspoonful in a tum-  
blerful of water and you  
will keep in a perfect  
state of health.



TAKE IT  
IN THE  
MORNING

## BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS

EXTRA FINE FOR SUMMER WEAR.

"VARIX," all about Elastic Stockings, how  
to wear, clean, and repair them, post free.

Bailey's Hygienic  
Washable Imperceptible  
Flesh-Coloured Trusses.

ABDOMINAL BELTS.

EVERY ARTICLE FOR SICK  
NURSING.

CATALOGUE FREE.

38 Oxford Street, London.



*Baby's Comfort*

MUST BE STUDIED  
AT ALL COSTS.

Present conditions compel us to raise the price of Harringtons Squares, but it must be borne in mind that, even were they double the price, there are no other diapers which possess the Hygienic qualities of these Squares, so important to Baby's Health and Comfort.

## Harringtons Squares 10/6 Per Sample Square 9d.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE, ECONOMIC, AND HYGIENIC  
NURSERY DIAPER

The Managers, HARRINGTONS SHOWROOMS, 13-14 Cheapside, E.C.3  
Makers of Harringtons Face Towels, Cot Pails, and other  
Infant Specialities.

Agents for Treasurer Col. Send for Illustrated  
Catalogue.



The Rabid Raid;  
They thought they might  
Have war-work stayed  
Hit they Fluxite.

## FLUXITE

is used in the making of shells and other muni-  
tions, because it effects a great saving in time,  
thus increasing the output of labour and plant.  
BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics the world  
over WILL have Fluxite. It

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2/4  
Auto-Controller Co., 2/6 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.

## DEAFNESS

CURED PERMANENTLY!  
Read my book  
"SOUND SENSE."

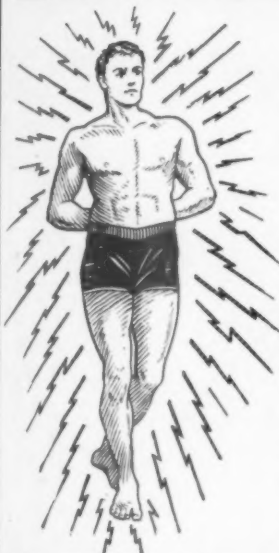
and  
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!  
This book contains informa-  
tion for the DEAF that reads  
like a fairy tale. It tells of  
"Hopelessly" deaf people  
made to hear by natural  
quick method. NO APPEAL



AT US USED. No change of daily habits. CURE  
GUARANTEED by one with 20 YEARS SUCCESS  
RECORD. Letters prove claim. CATARRH. HEAD  
NOISES. SELL-SHOCK—all kinds of DEAFNESS  
CURED PERMANENTLY, PRIVATELY. Send 2d.  
stamp for book, "SOUND SENSE," which will arrive  
in plain sealed envelope if you mention *The  
Quiver*. WHY NOT SEND THIS VERY MINUTE?  
G. K. MAX, Ltd., 28 Birley Street, BLACKPOOL.

# ELECTRICITY VICTORIOUS

## Amazing Results with Electrical Treatment in the Home INFINITE JOY OF HEALTH



Although universally accepted as being the most powerful curative agent in existence, many sufferers have yet to learn of the extraordinary powers of the New Treatment by which curative, life-giving, and revivifying Electricity can now be applied in the home by means of simple appliances, which even a child can manipulate. The wonderful "AJAX" Dry-Cell Body Batteries infuse new life and energy into your weakened body; they drive out pains and aches, and restore your bodily functions to a perfectly healthy condition.

### A SCIENTIFIC FACT

The reason why is very simple; the motive power of the human machinery is Electricity, and when through excessive strain, overwork, or chronic complaints this natural strength has been overdrawn upon, the functions get out of gear, and suffering is the result; you become but a shadow of your former self, weak and debilitated. But give back to your body what it has lost, and so surely as an electric bell starts ringing immediately you press the button, if the CURRENT IS THERE, so will you recover health, strength, and well-being if you will renew your store of Electricity to its proper level. If you overdraw your account at the bank the matter is remedied by supplying fresh funds. That is exactly the point: refill your overdrawn system with its life power and all will be well again.

All the greatest scientists endorse our contention that Electricity is the very life of the human body, and therefore you must investigate this unfailing means of regaining the infinite joy of vigorous, robust health.

### 80 PAGES BRIMFUL OF KNOWLEDGE

That is our booklet, entitled "Electricity the Road to Health." Write for it at once, TO-DAY, and you will learn how a host of complaints are successfully overcome: Weakness in all its forms is vanquished; Rheumatic, Neuralgic, and every other pain dispelled for ever; Indigestion, Constipation, Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles cured, never to return; Brain-fag and all nervous complaints completely eliminated. This small book will cost you nothing, but may be worth a fortune to you. Write for it now, whilst you have it in mind, or call if possible at the Institute, when in a personal consultation you will be told exactly what can be done for you, free of charge, and get a free test and examination of the appliances. Do not "Put off"; call or write at once for full particulars.

AJAX LD

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 52), 25 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

## War Bread -war worries- fewer Doctors

The unsatisfactory nature of the present bread, the depressing and unnerving effect of worry and the shortage of medical attention, are making Chocoids—the Cure for Constipation—more than ever a household necessity.

It is to cope with the "ordinary" ailments of life, which are the direct outcome of constipation, that Chocoids are being extensively sold at the present time.

Constipation is common enough to affect someone in every family, and is of sufficient importance to warrant speedy and efficient attention in its early stages.

If you are troubled with headaches, loss of appetite, "nerves," biliousness, poor complexion,

indigestion, pessimism, etc., you are in need of the correcting influence of Chocoids. Try one box, and your whole system will respond to the vivifying effect of pure blood.

**Chocoids purify the blood by removing all poisonous matter from the bowels and intestines.**

They are entirely herbal in composition and are quite suitable for delicate constitutions, because though the effect is certain, it is never drastic.

**Price 2/6 per Box** of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case. **Sample Box 1/3**, containing 24 Tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists, or Post Free from the Makers:

THE CHOCOLOID CO. (Dept. M), Stirchley Laboratories, Birmingham.



# Chocoids

REGD.

## The CURE for Constipation



## When breezes blow

and hats are carried from their owners' heads by the gusts, the Anzora-d man is unperturbed. He knows that the application of a little Anzora Cream to the hair will keep it smart and tidy throughout the day, no matter how strenuous his activities may be and in spite of the wind.



**Pack a bottle of Anzora Cream in your bag when going for YOUR HOLIDAY**

Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola (for dry scalps) are sold by high-class Chemists, Hairdressers, and Military Canteens in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, or packed in leatherette cases, 2/6 and 4/6 each.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO.,  
32-34 Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

**ANZORA**  
HAIR CREAM



"OLD FRIENDS  
are BEST FRIENDS  
—TRIED and SURE.

And my Old Friend,

**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
SMELLING BOTTLE**

Is THE BEST FRIEND OF ALL to me when I've a HEADACHE or a COLD IN THE HEAD."

Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever,  
Headache, Dizziness, Faintness, &c.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, or post free 1/6 from  
Dr. MACKENZIE'S LABORATORY, CASTLE ST., READING.  
LABORATORIES LTD.



## PARA - QUIT KILLS

Lice, Fleas, Bugs, & other Parasites  
**KEEPS OFF**

Mosquitos, Sandflies, Flies & other Insects

Selected by the War Office for Official

Supply to our Armies in the Field.

**IN TUBES & TINS, 10d.**

SOAP CAKE (perfect for shaving), 6d.

At Chemists and Stores, or post free from

**LAWSON & CO. (Bristol), Ltd.**

101 ST. PHILIP'S, BRISTOL.



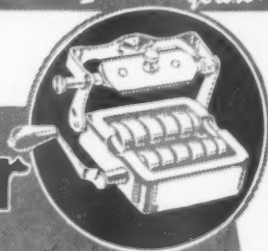
MILLIONS OF BLADES WASTED ANNUALLY! Don't waste yours!!

GET A  
**CLEMAK**

**Royal Strop**

THE PERFECT PRINCIPLE OF RAZOR SHARPENING

FOR  
**GILLETTE BLADES**



NO SKILL REQUIRED.  
NEW BLADES KEPT PERFECT.  
OLD BLADES IMPROVED.

POST FREE

**12/6**

**CLEMAK** OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES &c. OR DIRECT FROM  
SAFETY RAZOR CO. Imperial Bldgs, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.





The Food that  
is all nutriment!

**Laitova**  
**Lemon Cheese**

*The daily spread for the children's bread.*

Rich in protein, fat and carbohy-  
drates, Laitova provides just those  
food elements necessary to build up  
the body. And it is as delicious as it is  
nutritious. Use it instead of butter—  
it's nicer and much more economical.

*In dainty hygienic jars, of  
grocers and stores everywhere.*

**SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,**  
Cornbrook, Manchester.

**N.B.** Send a few jars to your boy at the  
front—it's a welcome change.

VI

## The Salvage of Linen

REMARKABLE LETTERS OF  
TWO LADIES.

— HAND LAUNDRY.

"A Wonderful Stain Remover." "Please supply ss. of Movol for use  
in our laundry, for we have found it a wonder-  
ful stain remover. (Miss) H. J."

Stains removed from 1½ dozen  
Handkerchiefs for 1s.

"I used the contents of 1s. tube  
on 1½ dozen handkerchiefs, most  
badly marked with ironmould, and  
which were useless in the con-  
dition they were in—now quite  
clear. B. T."



THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally  
successfully by every one of our readers. There  
is no risk of injuring the finest fabric—Movol can be  
used without fear on old lace, etc. Sa'ts of lemon,  
etc., are entirely superseded by this entirely British  
invention, which is

manufactured by the  
well-known firm of  
W. Edge & Sons, Ltd.,  
Bolton, and sold in 1s.  
and 6d. tubes by Iron-  
mongers, Chemists,  
and Stores everywhere.

P.S.—Movol quickly  
removes disinfectant  
stains from Hospital  
Linen.

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicines,  
Disinfectant, and Ink Stains re-  
moved without injury to the fabric  
—by—

**MOVOL**

In case of difficulty in obtaining,  
send 12 for large trial tube to—  
**W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd.,**  
Bolton.



The Best and  
Healthiest  
Underwear

## CHILPRUFE For CHILDREN

*Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of  
Hygiene, GOLD MEDAL for the HEALTHIEST  
UNDERWEAR, and many other Diplomas.*

The 'CHILPRUFE' Fabric is guaranteed  
all PURE WOOL. It is made from the  
highest grade yarn, and is finished by a secret  
process which increases the natural durability  
of the wool and renders it soft and unshrink-  
able, and, as the name implies, it reduces the  
risk of chill to a minimum.

**EASILY WASHED, UNSHRINK-  
ABLE, AND VERY DURABLE.**

*Of Drapers and Outfitters,  
or address of nearest shop  
on application.*

THE 'CHILPRUFE'  
MANFG. CO.,  
LEICESTER.

(John A. Bolton,  
Proprietor.)



## SERIOUS FOOT TORTURES & RHEUMATIC AFFLICTIONS

If you have these in any form and think there is the slightest excuse for continuing to suffer—just read what the following users of

## REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

say about the only quick, positive, and never-failing cure for sore, tired, tender feet that ache, burn, smart, swell, itch, and develop corns, bunions, callouses, or other forms of foot misery. Also, you can stop any rheumatic pains within ten minutes.

### PROMINENT USERS—SERIES VIII. ON THE STAGE.



Photo, Abbey.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, famous Parisian Artiste, writes:—

I find that a handful dissolved in the bath makes the water Oh! so fragrant, refreshing and invigorating. A teaspoonful in a footbath quickly fills the water with oxygen. When the feet are tired, aching or calloused from walking sports or dancing, these and even worse foot troubles soon disappear.

*Gaby Deslys*

Miss Phyllis Monkman, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:—

It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect, as that at famous spas.

*Phyllis Monkman*



Photo, Wrather & Bugé

Mr. R. G. Knowles, famous Music Hall Entertainer, writes:—

Am entirely out of Reudel Bath Saltrates. Avert a calamity by sending a fresh supply. For tired feet in summer and twinges of rheumatism in winter—it is the best ever. — Hurry up. S.O.S.

*R. G. Knowles*



Photo, Hana.

Mr. Harry Pilcer, the well-known Dancer, writes:—

In one week I was able to walk without discomfort, and commence practising my dances again. In three weeks my serious rheumatic attack was completely and permanently cured.

*Harry Pilcer*



Photo, Swaine.

The Reudel Bath Saltrates compound exactly reproduces the highly medicated and oxygenated waters of celebrated curative springs. Prices: 1/9 a half-pound packet, or 2/9 in the pound size. Obtainable from all chemists everywhere, who guarantee satisfaction in every case, or will refund your money in full and without question.



## The Hosiery that has superseded foreign makes

To capture the British market for cheap and inferior underwear took the Germans many years. In less than three years the leading British manufacturers have succeeded by patient experiment in replacing foreign makes with Hosiery that is POPULAR-PRICED—but infinitely better in its wool-like finish, reliability, and long wear, than cheap foreign manufactures.

**Medea**  
ALL BRITISH

## UNDERWEAR Stockings and Socks for Ladies, Children and Men

are made and guaranteed by the Manufacturers of the world-famous "Jason" all-wool Stockings and Socks.



Medea Wear is made from the best yarn and is fashioned to each size—not stretched. It wears long and is comfortable to the skin.

LADIES' Combinations, Stockings,

Vests, Knickers, Spencers, &c.

MEN'S Socks, Vests, Pants.

Obtainable from Dealers and Outfitters everywhere.

See this tab on every garment.

In case of difficulty write to W. Tyler Sons & Co., Leicester.



## Baby's Food Step by Step

**W**HEN feeding Baby by hand the same Food can be given from birth for the first months, varying the quantity from week to week.

About the fourth month something to help the formation of bone, nerve and muscle is required.

Nothing starchy in the Food is permissible until six months have passed, when Baby should be sturdy and firm, not too fat. Then give a partially digested farinaceous Food.

The only complete progressive dietary—the unique and ideal method is

## The Allenburys Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.

From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.

From 6 months upwards.



Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

# HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE  
CORSET  
OF  
HEALTH

The Natural  
Ease Corset  
Style 2.



**7/11 pair**

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with  
Special Detachable  
Suspenders.

Stocked in  
all sizes  
from 20 to 30.  
Made in finest  
quality Drill.

### SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, detachable for washing.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.

It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

**Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.**

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

### SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly refunded if dissatisfied.  
Make your Postal Order payable to

**HEALTH SUPPLIES STORES, Room 99,  
19-21 Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.**

OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF WOOD PULP AND THE  
RESTRICTED SUPPLY OF PAPER FOR NEWSPAPERS

**W. V. BOWATER & SONS, Ltd.,**

Paper Makers, &c.,

83 COMMERCIAL ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E. 1

(Contractors to the largest Paper Mills),

are open to purchase

**WASTE PAPER**

For remanufacture. In large or small quantities.  
Enormous and unlimited supplies required by the  
Ministry of Munitions and all the PRINCIPAL MILLS.

HIGHEST PRICES.

FREE COLLECTION.

CASH PAYMENTS.

Telephone: Bank 536 (3 lines) or Hop 820, 1644, and 1645.

## VAST RESULTS

are frequently obtained by advertisers in the Provincial Press. . . . We have a special list of 100 NEWSPAPERS in which we can place advertisements at a low inclusive charge. If you have anything to sell, write for our list with full particulars. Address Advt. Manager, CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

## BLUSHING.

IF you blush and feel uncomfortable, miserable and shy when in Company, you are spoiling your life, missing opportunities that might lead to happiness, fame, fortune. Perhaps you've tried so-called "Cures" in vain, but do not be discouraged; send 1d. stamp for my Book, "The Power to Win," which tells how you can cure yourself permanently, privately, in 7 days. Please mention THE QUIVER. Address: E. S. DEAN, Ltd., 12 All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

The Sign



of Safety

The Trade Mark of BOOTS The Chemists may well be likened to a 'Sign of Safety,' for it enables you to identify an article of absolute purity, just as the 'Hall Mark' tells you that an article is solid silver—it is a guarantee and a bond of goodwill which you, as a member of the public, hold—it is the security upon which you extend your patronage. Boots The Chemists Trade Mark on a medical or toilet preparation safeguards you against impurity and ensures efficiency. It points the way to economy and satisfaction. It is a visible sign of the faith Boots The Chemists have in their own goods.

Purity and economy go hand in hand wherever you see the Trade Mark of Boots The Chemists.

You are safe in dealing with

**Boots**  
Chemists

Chief London Branch: 182 REGENT STREET, W.

Over 100 Branches in London Area.

555 BRANCHES IN  
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

## CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4.

### HELP the CHURCH and STATE

#### by HELPING the Waifs & Strays Society

to support its large family of  
4,800 little ones.  
Over 1,400 soldiers' children given homes.

#### Hear the Bishop of London!

"There is no Society which I believe to be more absolutely according to the mind of Christ, more manifestly blessed, of more use to the Nation as well as to the Church, than this Society."

Contributions gratefully received by  
PREBENDARY RUDOLF,  
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E. 11.  
*Cheques, etc., crossed and made payable "Waifs & Strays."*

### Our Family of over 400 Children

depends day by day upon the voluntary contributions of the charitable. For 158 years the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., has been engaged in training fatherless children to become useful, self-supporting men and women. During all its long history the work has been most successful, but it is now restricted by lack of funds. Many of the children have lost their fathers in the War. Will you help by sending a contribution to-day to the Secretary, ALEXANDER GRANT, 73 Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

**THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,**  
*The East of Shropshire.*

Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.

12th "North Eastern" Hospital.

31,000 Out-Patients annually.

Inquiry System in force for prevention of abuse.

17,000 Attendances.

No funds in hand.

**PLEASE HELP.**

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

£2,000 a year expenditure.

Amassed Income under £1,000.

Economically Administered.

124 beds always full.

### SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY & R.S.U.

First Presidents (1844-1885), LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"A great Cheer-up Society for London children, an up-to-date live Society, not a mere machine."

**SUPPLIES CLOTHES and BOOTS and GOOD CHEER** for tens of thousands of poor children.

**PROVIDES** Surgical Instruments and Carriages, Home Comforts, and Country Holidays for thousands of Cripple Children.

**MAINTAINS** through 50 Branches and 90 affiliated Missions a vast network of Social, Moral, and Religious Agencies in the most needy districts of London.

*The Society is almost entirely dependent on voluntary Subscriptions. Donations of money and material should be sent to the Director,*

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P., 32 John St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.  
*Bankers: BARCLAY & CO., Fleet Street.*

## CHURCH ARMY HUTS

ARE GIVING

### REST, RECREATION AND COMFORT

to our gallant soldiers and sailors at home and in every theatre of war.

Many Scores of them are UNDER SHELL-FIRE on the Western Front.  
FIFTY along the Canal and in other parts of Egypt.

#### MORE ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED.

Hut costs £400; Equipment £100; Maintenance £5 per week abroad; £2 at home.

Cheques, crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army, payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

N.B.—Recreation Huts are an ABSOLUTE NEED for our brave men, whether the prevalent plagues be rain, mud, and slush, or dust, sand, and flies.



Will you send us  
2/6 for Bread?

Will you help

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



A puny baby sketched from life in London recently. Help us to save such for the Nation

The usual ANNUAL APPEAL is made for  
**Half-Crowns**

to help to pay the Food Bill for our great family of over 7,000 children during these lean months.

The cost of food is constantly increasing.

Last year we received

**167,163 Half-Crowns**

in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help us to do more this year, because the need is greater? 4,500 children admitted since war broke out; a large proportion being children of soldiers and sailors.

Will you send a Birthday Gift in memory of the Founder, who loved little children, and who was a pioneer in saving the Nation's babies?

I know you will send in one of the 167,163 Half-Crowns.

Yours faithfully in the service of the Boys and Girls,

**WILLIAM BAKER, Hon. Director.**

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Day Food Bill Fund," and crossed (Notes should be Registered).

**HEAD OFFICES: 18 to 26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.**

Please mention THE QUIVER, September, 1917.

Assets Exceed  
£2,500,000.



BY APPOINTMENT.

Claims Paid,  
Over £9,000,000.

# GENERAL

Accident Fire and Life  
**Assurance Corporation, Limited.**  
Established 1885.

## WAR ECONOMY.

In consequence of the War, the cost of building material and labour has increased nearly 50 per cent. All owners of property should therefore increase their Fire Insurances; this they can do at little or no extra cost by taking a

### Fire Bonus Policy.

This effects a saving of 20 per cent. of each premium.

Particulars on receipt of post card at either of the undernoted Offices.

**Chief Offices** { **General Buildings, PERTH, SCOTLAND.**  
**General Buildings, ALDWYCH, LONDON.**

General Manager - **F. NORIE-MILLER, J.P.**



# THE QUIVER

## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1917

Frontispiece: "The Ascent." Drawn by Stanley Davis

	PAGE
The Eleventh Hour. Complete Story. By EVA BRETHERTON. Illustrated by Stanley Davis	885
My Girls and the New Times. A Frank Talk. By A MIDDLE-AGED MOTHER	891
A CASTLE TO LET. Serial Story. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Chapters XXVI-XXVIII. Illustrated by A. C. Michael	895
The Women's Harvest. By AGNES M. MIALL. Illustrated by Photographs	909
The Duchess's Pincushion. Complete Story. By HILDA M. MARRIAN. Illustrated by John E. Sutcliffe	916
A Village Red-Letter Day. By EMILY M. SOWELL. Illustrated by C. E. Brock	923
The Tricolour Cockade. Final Story in the Series "The Tricolour." By VIOLET M. METHLEY. Illustrated by Arch. Webb	926
Foxes. Studies in Wild Life. By FRANK BONNETT. Illustrated by Photographs	932
Orchard Days. Being the Letters of a Holiday Worker to her Friend in Town. By CONSTANCE CURRYER. Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw	937
Superfluities—Virtuous and Otherwise. By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD. No. 2.—The Tyranny of Clothes	941
Alan Breck, Boy Scout. Complete Story. By ISABEL CAMERON. Illustrated by Harold Copping	944
Conversation Corner. Conducted by the EDITOR	949
Venice, Queen of Cities. Photographs by D. McLeish	951
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
The "Rouleau" Crochet Lace	954
The Possibilities of Potatoes	957
When He Comes. (Poem.) By FAY INCHFAWN	959
SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS:—	
Mainly About Competitions. By "DAPHNE"	960
The League of Young British Citizens: By Way of Explanation. By the EDITOR	963

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazines Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 11s. a year, or 5s. 6d. for six months.  
Canadian Subscription, post free, 9s. 6d. a year, or 4s. 9d. for six months.



Farm Work for Women demands correct attire—Boots that keep feet dry all day, Oilskins and Sui-westers that defy wet. The Beacon Booklet describes reliable hand-wear for Women.

### BEACON OILSKINS

Never go Sticky or Let in the Wet.

Money back to full if they fail to satisfy.

This **Dute** Coat will keep you dry and comfortable in a solid week of wet. It is made of light, smooth Oilskin, with wide skirt, Raglan shoulders, belt at back, inner storm cuffs, and two pockets.

In black, light-weight, never-sticking Oilskin . . . . . **21/-**

In colour, **25 6/-**; Sui-westers to match, **4 6** and **5 6** respectively.

**ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE**, describing Oilskins, Country Boots, Rubber Boots, etc., for Men, Women, and Children. Send a p.c. for it today to

**BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 58 Beacon Buildings, South Shields.**

A BRITISH CHARITY WHICH NEEDS HELP.

## The National Refuges and Training Ships "Arethusa" & "Chichester."

2,400 boys have joined the Royal Navy. Old boys are serving in 100 British Regiments.

### Funds are Urgently Needed.

The War has meant greatly increased expenses.

**Patrons: THE KING AND QUEEN.**

**Chairman and Treasurer:** W. E. HUBBARD, Esq., 17 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.

**Joint Secretaries:** H. BRISTOW WALLIN, H. G. COPELAND.

**London Offices:** 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

## AT SEA AND ON SHORE

**F**EW people realise the enormous services rendered by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, especially since the war.

Thousands of men from mined and torpedoed ships have received care, comfort, medical assistance and travelling facilities from its Homes and Institutes.

It is also officially responsible both for feeding nearly a thousand sailor prisoners in Germany and for distributing books and magazines to the Auxiliary Fleet, Naval Bases, Transports, Minesweepers, Patrol Boats, etc. It also gives prompt relief to widows, orphans and aged parents of killed or disabled seamen.

These benefits have been added to the already immense social and religious work of the Society, described by Sir John Jellicoe as "the greatest boon to sailors."

Donations may be sent to Sir Frederic Green, J.P., Treasurer, The Sailors' Palace, Commercial Road, London, E. Three hundred pounds is needed every day for the welfare of

the men to whom we owe our safety and the very bread we eat.

Another Society which deserves our warmest support is the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. This society is doing a work of imperial importance in training suitable lads for the Navy and Mercantile Marine on the training-ship *Arethusa*.

Others are taught useful trades, while girls are trained for domestic service, sewing and laundry work. Thanks to good food, healthy exercise and careful moral and religious training, the great majority grow up useful, well-balanced members of society.

Since the war the National Refuges have afforded care and shelter to the children of soldiers who are fighting; and if the fathers fall, they are kept permanently and trained for some useful trade.

Will readers extend a helping hand to these two Societies? Donations will be gratefully received by the Editor.



## Wood-Milne

### Rubber Heels and Tips

You can face a long and tiring day with cheerfulness if you begin right by wearing Wood-Milne Rubber Heels. They give you wonderful foot-ease and comfort, add to the lightness of your step, impart a feeling of smoothness to your journeyings, and they keep the smart appearance of your shoes. They also save your money, save your leather, save your temper.

Made in Black, Brown and Grey Rubber, in various shapes, sizes and qualities, to suit all footwear.

Ask your Bootman to fix a pair to-day.

No Increase in Price.



R. 426

# HUDSON'S



**E**RE TRAIN, TRAM,  
TELEGRAPH AND  
TELEPHONE were  
universally "Speeding  
Up" the activities of  
the nation, Hudson's

Soap was universally speeding up  
cleanliness in British Homes.

Hudson's Soap will keep the modern  
house as clean and spotless as it kept  
the homesteads of our grandparents.  
It has washed and preserved the hand-  
made fabrics of the past, and the most  
modern textures can safely be washed  
and preserved with Hudson's Soap. It is  
always used for washing up after meals,  
for adding lustre to china and glassware.

**IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.**

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED,  
LIVERPOOL,  
H 92-28

WEST BROMWICH,  
and LONDON.



**QUEEN ALEXANDRA**  
has graciously accepted the Dedication of this Modern English Dictionary.

**£1 BOOK**

**THE PRIME MINISTER**  
says:—"I wish you every success in your undertaking."

# FOR 5/9 TO READERS OF "THE QUIVER"

Every reader of "THE QUIVER" has the opportunity of possessing, virtually as a gift, a £1 Presentation Copy, bound in LIMP SEAL GRAIN, of the Modern English Dictionary, the latest published. It is more than a Dictionary; it is a Golden Treasury of Knowledge.

**Bound Limp like a Bible.**

## SOME OF THE CONTENTS

Aeroplanes, Standard Types (*illus.*); Airships (*illus.*); Area of Dominions, Crown Colonies, Dependencies; Armies of the World; Badges, Decorations of Honour; Battles of the World and Results; Birds, Rare, Brilliant Plumage (*illus.*); Blood Circulation (*illus.*); Boats of Various Climes (*illus.*); Boy Scout Movement. Census, Cities and Towns—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales; Ceramics (*illus.*); Ceremonious Address; Christian Names of Men; Christian Names of Women. Earth—Facts about the Earthquake Areas of the Earth. Famous Characters in Poetry and Prose; Famous Gems (*illus.*); Fashions from 1500 to 1914 (*illus.*); Flags of Steamship Companies (*illus.*); Foreign Coins in English Money; Foreign Words, Phrases, Maxims, and Quotations; Golf terms Glossary; Government of the British Empire; Great English Writers; History of English Spelling; Libraries of the British Empire; Libraries of the World. Marine Engines (*illus.*); Mohammedan Temple; Money of the World (*Chart*); Money Standards of Countries, Navies of the World. Races of Mankind (*illus.*); Reference Library, &c.

## Praise from Eminent Men

**EARL CURZON**

"An excellent and singularly compact Dictionary."

**MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON**

"Your Dictionary will be a useful adjunct to my work."

**RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR**

"A most practical and interesting Dictionary."

**SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL**

"A work of extraordinary merit."

**LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM**

"I cordially wish this book a wide success."

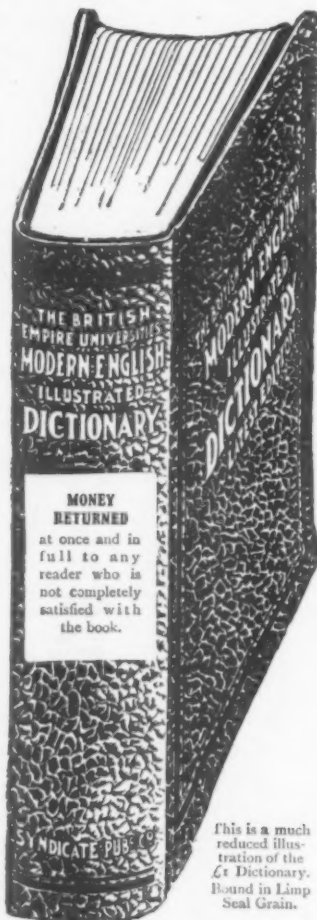
**LORD KINNAIRD**

"A most interesting and useful book."

**ADMIRAL JELlicoe**

"The size and general arrangements of the book are excellent."

**Send this book to the wounded in hospitals**



This is a much reduced illustration of the £1 Dictionary. Bound in Limp Seal Grain.

THROUGH THE USUAL CHANNELS	<b>20 0</b>
THROUGH "THE QUIVER"	<b>5 9</b>
<b>YOU SAVE</b>	<b>14 3</b>

(By Post 6d. Extra, Abroad 1s.)

### "THE QUIVER" COUPON.

Dictionary Dept.,  
11 & 13 Southampton Row,  
London, W.C.

I desire to have my name put on the list of applicants for the £1 Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for 5/9 in full payment, including postage. Foreign and Colonial Postage 6d. extra. I understand that the money will be returned at once and in full to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.

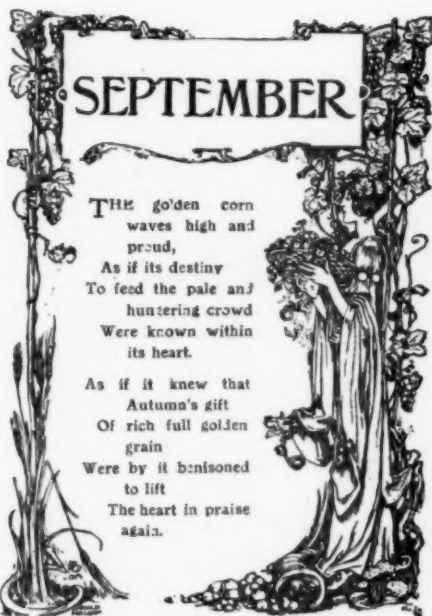
Yours faithfully,  
Name (Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Address .....

An Edition de Luxe of this Dictionary, gilt edged, 2s. Ideal Gift Book gracing any table and any occasion, can be supplied for 9s. Goatskin Library Edition £4.

**1210 Pages,  
32 Full-page Coloured  
Illustrations.**

Edition de Luxe, Limp Leather, gilt edges, 9s. (post free). Goatskin Library Edition, £1 (post free).



## SEPTEMBER

THE golden corn  
waves high and  
proud,  
As if its destiny  
To feed the pale and  
hunting crowd  
Were known within  
its heart.

As if it knew that  
Autumn's gift  
Of rich full golden  
grain  
Were by it benisoned  
to lift  
The heart in praise  
again.



"For a moment  
she hesitated"—p. 855.

Drawn by  
Stanley Davis





# THE QUIVER



VOL. LII., No 11

SEPTEMBER, 1917

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By

EVA BRETHERTON

### ON THE LEADS

**I**N her bachelor diggings high up under the roof of the great block of flats, Stella Hammond, journalist, pushed away her scarcely tasted supper, and leant back in her chair wearily.

How close it was! All day the heavy gloom that made London unbearable, and now night without freshness! Impatiently she sprang to the window and pushed it wider, but no relief followed. Shut in, silent (for Stella lived alone and mostly "did for" herself), the cosy flat had suddenly become to her a prison.

Discontentedly huddling together her supper things, she thrust them into the little kitchen, and, shutting the door on its disarray, stood looking thoughtfully up at the skylight above the wee hall.

"Wide open!" she soliloquised. "And not a breath coming in! If I could only get up and out, I shouldn't have the roof sitting on my head, anyway! I've a good mind to——"

Fired with her idea, she went back to the kitchen, dragged out the set of light steps that stood in a corner, and placing them beneath the skylight, climbed up.

"No go! But a footstool or two——" she told herself.

It took three—all she possessed. But with their aid she found herself high enough to climb out if she wished. For a moment she hesitated, then with a laughing "Well, here goes!" she swung herself lightly up and out.

She stood in a small leaded square, surrounded by low iron railings, from which on two sides the roof sloped abruptly away. On the other two, for as far as she could make out in the gloom, stretched more little railing-surrounded squares, each with its skylight, duplicates of her own.

For a while she remained contentedly enjoying the freshness of the air where she was. Presently, however, the desire seized her to explore this strange domain. Why not go for a walk?

"I suppose," she reflected, while deciding in which direction she should go, "the law-abiding person would say, 'Thou shalt not walk upon thy neighbour's roof at night!' But there—I might get a column or two out of it by getting arrested for attempted burglary!"

After all, it was not very exciting. Nothing happened. Each little square was exactly like the other, and for all her boast she could not even bring herself to peer into any of the skylights.

At the end she lingered some time, looking down fascinated by the new aspect of the well-known thoroughfare below. It was only when the sudden springing up of a breeze threatened to turn the coolness into cold that she thought of returning.

And then it was that she made an awkward discovery. She had omitted to count the squares as she passed, and had no idea how far she had come from her own.

"Bother!" She looked ruefully along the row of skylights, almost all propped open

## THE QUIVER

at the same angle. "Stella, you're an idiot! Well, it's not any of the nearest six, anyhow!"

She went confidently past these, pausing at the seventh.

"Sorry, good people, whoever you are, but I must look in. No! I used steps to climb on—not a mangle!"

The eighth was closed, but the ninth stood wide, and peering down she made out with relief the flight of steps standing beneath, the footstools piled on top.

As she began lowering herself a distant clock struck eleven and others took up the chorus.

"Time I was in bed!" she thought, groping with her feet for the top footstool. She could not find it, and the horrid thought assailed her that in climbing out she had kicked it off, in which case it meant a bigish drop with a precarious landing.

Then the tips of her toes just touched it, and rather shaky and wrenched, she managed her descent.

"Whew!" She pushed the hair from her forehead, on which little beads of sweat stood. "I must sit down for a minute."

The sitting-room door was shut. As she turned the handle she wondered what could have made her shut it after her, reflecting that it would be stuffy inside. Then she flung it open.

### STELLA INTRUDES

THE room inside was not hers. It was a strange room, which she had never seen before. Moreover, a man, his back turned to her, sat by the table, his arms folded upon it, his head buried in them.

For a moment she stood transfixed. Then, with a very natural instinct towards flight, she turned to creep away.

But as she did so the strangeness of the man's attitude arrested her. And what was that lying on the table just beyond the reach of his right hand? A revolver! Was he—

Even as the fear formed in her mind the man raised his head slowly.

"Well?" he said hoarsely, without looking round. "Who is it?"

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry!" Stella explained breathlessly. "We must be neighbours, I think, and I've mistaken the flat. So sorry to disturb you!"

Her tones were light, but the clear grey eyes in her pretty face flashed from the bent shoulders to the revolver and back again. Her quick brain was at work.

The man turned slowly. She saw a young face, that of a man not many years older than her own twenty-six, but haggard and drawn, with dull, heavy eyes.

"He's not mad, anyhow!" she thought with relief. "Nor bad!"

He looked at her dully.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "But I could have sworn I bolted the outer door. Please shut it after you. I don't want to be—interrupted again."

Instead of going out and "shutting the door after her," as he so evidently desired she should do, Stella came farther into the room. It had a chill, uncared-for look, very different from the brightness of her own. The grate was littered with papers, some of them half burnt. The acrid smell of their burning still hung in the air.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind my sitting down and resting for a few minutes?" she asked plaintively. "I had a fall just now and rather wrenched my arm."

She rubbed the member alluded to. It was truly a trifle wrenched by her late scramble through the skylight.

"I must ask you not to wait long, then, please," he said curtly. "I am—very much occupied."

"Only a few minutes," she assured him, still plaintively.

Her behaviour was outrageous, of course, she told herself. But something in the brooding look of the man's eyes told her she was justified in not going.

So she broke into a laughing account of her escapade on the roof, relating it with much detail, in the sparkling way she could command. She knew he barely listened, and saw anger growing in his eyes. While she talked she stretched her strained arm out upon the table, complaining that it pained her.

And then, apparently quite accidentally, her hand came in collision with the revolver which still lay there.

"Oh!" she cried childishly. "A revolver! What a beauty! I used to shoot. May I look at it?"

She drew it towards her.

"Put it down," he said angrily. "It's loaded."

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

"Yes, I see it is. And cocked all ready, too! How dangerous! They used to tell me never to leave a revolver at full cock!"

She ran her strong little hands over the weapon, and before the man had time to interfere, deftly uncocked it. The next moment she had slipped it into her lap under the table.

The man's eyes blazed.

"I told you to put it down!" He sprang to his feet as he spoke. "And, by God, if you don't I'll make you!"

Stella rose too, and as he came towards her she slipped round the table, keeping its width between them, the revolver held behind her back.

"If you so much as touch me I shall scream—and scream—and scream!" she announced calmly. "Plenty of people will come to my assistance. There'll be police court proceedings. It won't be very nice for you, and it will be an even greater interruption to what you were going to do than I am."

"Well, I'm bothered!" the man exclaimed. "Well, I'm —. You come into my flat, you refuse to go when I ask you to. You take my revolver from my table, and when I request you to give it up you say you'll scream! Of all the——"

"Yes," she said. "Of all the impudence!"

For a moment they faced each other, waiting for the next move in the game.

Then Stella said gravely:

"And now, my friend, having agreed that I am an impudent intruder, I have a proposition to make. Show me that you had good reason to make use of this weapon, and I will give it up and go away. That's a fair offer, I think?"

"You've no right, no earthly——"

"None! But I hold the revolver, you see!" She smiled at him sweetly, adding, for encouragement, "Perhaps you *had* a good reason; in which case it will be all right."

"Yes," he said bitterly. "Since you insist on knowing, I had. The excellent reason that a failure at everything is best got out of the way."

"Oh! Yourself, you mean?"

"Of course. I haven't come to murder yet!"

"No?" she asked lightly. "You looked like it when you looked at me just now, any-

how! So you really think your not having made altogether a success of things up to now an excellent reason for taking the life of a young, strong, able-bodied man, just because it happens to be your own? You *are* young and strong and able-bodied, aren't you?"

"I'm a rotten failure—that's all I know!" he retorted sullenly.

"Well," she said, "I seem to have heard somewhere that 'he who can laugh at his defeat has won.' Wouldn't laughing at yours have been better than—this?"

She brought the revolver round to view, holding it thoughtfully up to the light.

"It's an ugly little thing!" she soliloquised (for he had left her question unanswered). "Cold and ugly! I shouldn't like to have it pressed against my own temples to cut short the joy of the world for me. Man," her voice deepening suddenly, "I don't even know your name, your business is none of mine; but I ask you whether, in any sane moment, you would really choose this in place of the life even of a vagrant on the road?"

"I don't know," he said thickly. "Five minutes ago I had no doubt. Even now I think—that—seems the best way out."

"The best?" Stella queried. "Better the endless darkness than sunshine, the wind on the heath, sweet scents and sounds, the voices of birds and children—all that the veriest vagrant can call his own? Well, you shall choose then! If you really wish I will give this back to you and go."

She waited. The man had turned from her, standing by the mantelpiece, his elbows upon it, his head in his hands.

"All right!" he said at last, hoarsely. "You've won. Put the thing down—anywhere; I shan't touch it. But don't go yet."

Stella opened a drawer in the desk behind her, slipped the revolver in, and pushed it to. Then she went to the untidy hearth and knelt down close to the man's feet.

"I think there's been a storm somewhere, it's turned so chilly," she said in an everyday voice. "Suppose we have a fire?"

Sweeping aside the untidy mass that filled the grate, she turned on the gas fire. Then she sank quietly into an armchair beside it, and apparently gave herself up to the enjoyment of its cheerful glow.

## THE QUIVER

### AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING

FOR a few minutes longer the man stood motionless. Then, with a sudden lift of the head and squaring of the shoulders, he turned away, throwing himself into the chair opposite hers.

"A miserable coward! That's what you're calling me in your own mind, I suppose?" he challenged her.

"Do I *look* the kind of horrid person who judges other people then?" she demanded reproachfully.

"No—you don't. But I dare say I deserve it. Not that I think I really was sane just now. Things had got on my nerves, what with having no one to talk them over with, the weather, one thing and another—Well, you came at the eleventh hour, and no mistake! Five minutes later, and—"

"Don't!" Stella's bright face had paled a little. "You'd just got the blues badly! We all get them sometimes. Tell me all about it."

He was a writer, it seemed, one of the many would-be famous novelists and playwrights. Encouraged by a few minor successes, he had, eighteen months earlier, thrown up his profession in the provinces and come to London to embark wholly upon literature.

From that moment ill luck had pursued him. In the first place he had not brought the right introductions with him, nor had the right people happened to cross his path. The book into which he had put his heart failed to hit the public taste; the one play which had found a manager to stage it only ran a few weeks. Most of his short stuff seemed to become permanently afflicted with home sickness when the one magazine on which he could hitherto count went under for want of capital. His own capital was rapidly dwindling to nothing. Finally, a severe attack of influenza had, to use his own words, "put the lid on." For a week he brooded over what he was going to do, then bought the revolver and prepared to do it.

It was a sufficiently dismal story. Stella, adding to it the super-sensitiveness of a highly strung temperament, saw little to wonder at in the climax.

She rescued some of the torn papers from the grate, and glanced through them.

"Why, these are fine!" she cried with enthusiasm.

"No one else thinks so, I can assure you," he said bitterly.

"Pooh!" derisively. "They'll think so soon, anyhow! Get a little more grip into these, and by the time I've got one or two people interested in you you'll go off like hot cakes. We all go through a bad time in our profession—only some of us have more luck than others."

She picked up more of the papers and read them. Kindling to her enthusiasm, he read others aloud.

Suddenly, looking up, she saw daylight streaming broadly in beside the blinds.

"Oh, look!" she cried, laughing. "We've had an all-night sitting!" She rattled the blinds up, opened the windows, and leant out to sniff the fresh air.

"Isn't it a topping morning!" she said as he joined her, looking rather red-eyed and worn in the bright light.

"Yes," he said gravely. "Yes, indeed. It was when you said 'sunshine, the wind on the heath,' that I knew you had won last night. I *had* to stay and feel all that again!"

"Of course you had!" Her voice was practical, but her eyes had softened suddenly. "Now—you go and have a shave while I get breakfast."

She would listen to no demur, finally shutting him in his room while she went herself to the kitchen.

Ten minutes later he emerged and stood in the doorway of the latter, watching her as she busied herself at the gas cooker. The cloth was laid on the tiny table, an appetising odour of coffee and eggs and bacon filled the air.

"Oh!" She looked up and saw him as she put the crisp toast into the rack. "You look lots better!"

He did. A clean-shaven, cheerful, good-looking fellow. Stella herself was rather pale, but she laughed up at him gaily as they sat down to the table.

"Perhaps you don't know you've only got one saucer, and that the spout of the teapot's broken?" she demanded. "I made coffee in the only sound jug!"

He joined riotously in her laughter. It did them both good, and they had an amazingly cheerful breakfast.

Over it they decided that he was to go



"If you so much as touch me I shall scream—and scream!" she announced calmly"—p. 887.

Drawn by  
Stanley Gaisler.



## THE QUIVER

away for a good holiday—"a knapsack and walking-stick one," Stella stipulated. After which his career was to begin anew.

"By the way," she said as she poured out his second cup of coffee, "were you going for a walk on the tiles last night—or what were those steps and things out there under the skylight for?"

"The thing was stuck!—wouldn't open, and I was stifling—that's all!" he said grimly. "Seems a little thing to have saved a man's life, doesn't it?"

She nodded. Then suddenly her eye fell on the clock. She sprang up.

"Half-past seven! If my char-lady comes in, as she does at a quarter to eight, and finds the flat empty and the gas burning, she'll have a fit on the spot. Good-bye. I must—"

### THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

THE postman's knock cut short her words, startling them both.

She waited while he went to the door.

There were two communications. The first was a pleased and polite letter from a theatrical manager wishing to see him in reference to a play submitted by him.

He handed it to Stella and opened the other.

It took him so long in the reading that she glanced up, alarmed.

"Read it to me, please," he said hoarsely, holding it out. "I don't know whether I'm mad or bewitched!"

It was from a well-known firm of London solicitors. Stella read it in a clear voice:

"DEAR SIR,—

"As solicitors to the executors of your uncle, the late Mr. Joseph Clinton, of Melbourne, Australia, who died on April 10th last, we have to inform you that by his will of the previous year your uncle appointed you, his only nephew, his residuary legatee.

"The value of the estate is upwards of £20,000, to the whole of which, subject to the payment of a few small legacies and the expenses of administration, you will therefore become entitled.

"If you will kindly communicate with or call upon us we shall be happy to give you further particulars and to receive your instructions.—Yours faithfully,

"ROSE & BEST, Solicitors."

"It's not true, of course!" he said. "These things don't happen in real life."

"Why shouldn't it be true?" she demanded. "Had you an uncle in Melbourne, and was his name Clinton?"

"Why, yes. And Clinton's my own name and his. But it can't be true. I've never seen him. Why should he leave his money to me?"

"Because there was no one else to leave it to, it seems!" she retorted. "Still, if you want to be contrary, say he didn't! I'm off now to save Mrs. Brown from having a fit."

She slipped out of the room before he could stop her. But a moment later her sparkling face appeared again.

"My name is Stella Hammond. I'm not sure whether it's next door to you I live, or not. Anyhow, the name's on the board. I'm generally in about seven in the evening. I shall be pleased to see you if you care to come and—tell me what Messrs. Rose and Best say." She paused a moment; then added, shyly, with the sudden softening of her eyes he had noticed before, "I'm—so glad!" She disappeared.

He caught her on the top flight of stairs.

"Stop!" he said. "I can't let you go like this. I've never even thanked you or—"

"No need for thanks! My falling through your skylight was purely accidental. The rest simply followed."

"Only because you were the splendid girl you are! Look here—I *can't* thank you now. But the fact is I want to spend my life doing it. Marry me, will you? You and I might make a grand thing of life together. We—"

Stella deliberately descended several stairs.

"You seem very certain I'm not engaged already!" she said with dignity. "Besides, I'm not sure that the public staircase is a nice place to be proposed to in! Still," she paused at a corner looking tantalisingly up at him, "if I was asked again in a nicer place I—I *might*!"

That she did the whole world knows.

For those brilliant collaborators, Stella and Robert Clinton, owners of one of the most charming little houses in town, with several successful plays, and as many "best sellers" and no failures to their credit, are something of celebrities in their way.

# MY GIRLS AND THE NEW TIMES

A Frank Talk

By A MIDDLE-AGED MOTHER

**B**ECAUSE of the war I have lost—and found my girls. It is a paradox, but immeasurably true.

Those days of peace which now seem so remote were not altogether happy for parents. I look back and see again all the restlessness, the vague discontent and the political ambitions which found expression in the crudest form of violence. I remember that home was the very last place in which my three girls cared to spend their time. And that was hard to bear.

## Drifting from Home

My husband and I had always wished that our girls and our two sons should be glad of their home, that it should be to them a refuge and an inspiration rather than a place from which to escape. Yet, as the girls came to womanhood their thoughts dwelt ceaselessly on careers that should take them away from their home to seek for adventures in the whirlpool of London. My eldest girl was learning pharmacy, but not that she might practice in our provincial town. My second daughter began to study music seriously, but always with the idea of capturing the heart of the metropolis. My youngest child pleaded again and again that she might be allowed to study secretarial work, not in a first-class college a stone's throw from our doors, but in a London suburb.

There was no bickering. There were no talks of being misunderstood. But I felt very keenly that I had ceased to play a part that mattered in the lives of my daughters. It seemed as if I had lost them for ever, and that in future the dear things of home would have no meaning for them, no call, not even an appealing memory.

I know, of course, that most mothers felt these fears. They were not uncommon. But that did not make them easier to bear. The fact that one could but wait, ready always with patience and sympathy and understanding, but still helpless, impotent, was disheartening. There was nothing to do but let our daughters go their own way,

hoping that in the struggle of life and with the coming of bitter experiences they might be glad to return as wanderers to their home.

## When the War Came

Then the war came, and in a night the whole face of the land was changed. Plans for our holidays were already made. My husband and I were to go away together, but the children had made their own arrangements to visit friends. Without a word of counsel or alarm from their parents they cancelled their plans. To each of them came the thought that at this time of great upheaval, at this setting out on strange, mysterious roads, leading one knew not where, we must be together. I think that on the night that war was declared my children realised for the first time what it meant to have a home.

I do not mean a home in the material sense of the word. They realised in the flesh the comfort and the beauty of a common life. They saw that when all is said and done blood is stronger than water. Just as the coming of war linked up our far-flung dominions so it gathered together the members of my family, glad to have the common centre of a beloved home.

## Great Days

Those were great days of discussions and hopes and plans. The way of life was clear for the boys. They enlisted immediately, and they have since done finely in the war, and thank the good God I have them yet. But it was not so easy for the girls to come to a decision. My eldest girl, of course, quickly found that her special knowledge would be useful in the military hospital, and she is still helping most usefully in our own town. My second girl is with the V.A.D. in France, and the baby of the family is working on the land.

These decisions were not arrived at in a moment. I doubted myself whether the two younger girls would be able to stand long hours of toil, but hard work has proved their

## THE QUIVER

salvation. To begin with, honest, conscientious work, with long hours, does not leave much room for restlessness. I found that the two girls who are still at home were only too glad to come back to me after the day's work. The love and the quiet and the pleasant surroundings of their home proved grateful comforts after long hours in the hospital and hard work on a friend's farm a little way out of the town. Yet it was not simply the material comfort that made the girls love their home anew, nor even the desire for emotional comfort. When my little nurse went out to France her sorrow was that if her adored brothers were wounded or fallen on the field of glory she would not be home to comfort me.

### Close to Pain, but Far from Pessimism

I know that our home life has never been so beautiful or so happy as since the beginning of war. We have been very close to pain but very far from pessimism. If, after the war is over, it is necessary that my girls should leave me to earn their living in a distant town I shall not be afraid. It is the restless, wavering temperament that seeks escape from home. Those who have known the tonic and the strain of hard work have learned to appreciate their home, and I do not fear that my girls will look upon the old house where they were brought up, and where they discovered the sweetness as well as the bitterness born of the war, as a place apart from their daily life and their dearest hopes.

I have found, too, that my daughters have become domesticated. They have not had time to study cookery or housecraft in detail, but they have acquired the real domestic spirit—the spirit which makes a woman ashamed to be dependent on others for every item in her household and personal comfort. One of our maids left to make munitions, and with decreased domestic help the girls had to learn, and indeed were glad to learn to make little dishes for supper, to mend their clothes tidily, to accomplish, too, little mechanical repairs in the house which had always been done by their brothers. This knowledge is going to be very useful to them after the war. If they do not marry they will still want homes of their own, though the home may be only a cheap flat or a suite of rooms in someone else's house. To know something

of the practical side of home-making, to grasp the art of shopping and to know the value of foodstuffs, to be able to make simple dishes, and to do simple laundry work—well, these things will be an immense help to the girl living alone. They will make life cheaper for her, and much more comfortable. Is there any figure more pitiable than the helpless woman, living alone in diggings, and dependent on a dishonest landlady for every detail of comfort? The war has shown my girls, and the girls of hundreds of other mothers, not only to appreciate their homes, but to be able to make homes; it has taught them that domesticity is not an unpleasant, unprofitable affair meant for the stupid, but a way of independence and self-reliance which calls for cleverness as well as for steadiness.

Before the war my girls made their beds, tidied their rooms, darned their stockings, and occasionally went shopping at the markets—but that was all. They were too busy with intellectual experiments to come down to home-making. They would discuss Shaw and Nietzsche, but they would not discuss a leak in a gas pipe or the making of a simple soup. Since the beginning of war they have not allowed their brains to rust. They still find time to read the best in today's literature. But they are not concerned with intellectual freaks or bizarre ways of thought, and while keeping their brains bright, my girls are not ashamed to help in the kitchen and to right those little things that go wrong in the best ordered household.

### The Question of Marriage

But I want my girls to marry. The wise Creator did not intend man or woman to live alone. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the best and sweetest life for a woman is that of wifehood and motherhood. If a woman has special talents let her exercise them after marriage and earn money for herself. Some women, planning their lives wisely, can combine the rôle of worker in the outside world with worker in the world inside. But I do not think any woman is the happier for deliberately refusing wifehood and motherhood because of the possibilities of a great career. The greatest women of the day have not so mapped out their lives. Their work is better, not the worse, because they have known the joy of motherhood.

## MY GIRLS AND THE NEW TIMES

"My best work has been done since baby came," a woman writer told me once, and I know how true are her words.

Because I believe these things, I confess quite cheerfully that I mean to play the rôle of match-maker. I mean to revive the deal old belief that it is a mother's happy duty to get her girls married—and I mean to start at once.

Let us be practical. God knows that many of the dear boys who might have become second sons to us have found, and will find, eternal resting places on the fields of France. Yet the nation must have mothers, it must have strong little children to grow up and people the lands so desolate of men. It seems to me that this will be the greatest peace work that mothers can do—to help their daughters to find husbands with whom they can lead happy, nationally useful lives. And mothers *can* help.

### What it Entails

I know, as a middle-aged woman, that it is not always easy to be polite and genial to the friends of our children who come in at all sorts of unexpected times. We would much rather read the evening paper and settle down to a quiet evening than make ourselves charming. That is a danger of middle age, and one that we must conquer. And the easiest way to conquer it is to make our homes always attractive, to offer the most informal kind of hospitality to our children's friends, to make them feel that they can come any time, and that they will never be a nuisance. Let our girls bring their men friends to tea or dinner, and let us welcome them with perfect naturalness. Let us make it possible for our girls to bring men they meet to their homes without fear of scowls or bored looks on the one hand or an over-eager welcome on the other. It is a stupid mistake to be bored, and a very obvious one; it is even a greater mistake to let every man who comes to the house feel as if you regarded him as a possible husband. Perhaps you do—but you mustn't let him feel it!

But there is much more in match-making than this. It is true that all the planning in the world will not alter the fact that the male population of these lands is far less than the female population. We have also to remember that a considerable number of men do not marry. Why? Well, there are

two reasons. They are afraid that the modern girl's standard of comfort is too high, and they have not, in hundreds of cases, the chance of meeting women of their own position. The first objection will not, I think, hold good after the war, for women have learned a knowledge of true values, and they know that happiness is not to be found only in those things of the material world which come with wealth. But the other obstacle will remain unless the mothers of the country overcome it.

I once heard a young business man in London say: "The only women I meet are barmaids and girls in tobacconists' shops." Well, most mothers could, with a little effort, get in touch with some of these men. And here the help of one's husband is very useful.

Most men are too ready to take it for granted that their girls will marry. It is an understandable attitude. If a child grows to beautiful and attractive womanhood, if she is happy and charming and lovable, what more natural than to suppose that she is sure to marry? The average father cannot realise that however pretty and attractive his girl may be she may still remain unmarried. Some of the most fascinating women I know are elderly "spinsters" who have not had the chance of mating, and I have asked myself more than once if, when they were young girls at home, their parents could not have done just a little more to help them along the road to marriage.

### What the Men Can Do

I know, of course, that the foreign ideal of match-making is utterly repugnant to the English mind, and I do not suggest for a moment that a father should deliberately seek amongst his friends for potential husbands for his girls. But many men know in their own business concerns lonely young men who would be delighted to accept simple hospitality from their employers or colleagues. Instead of limiting intercourse with young Brown or Smith to a casual "Good morning," or "Fine day," a man might very well make it his business to draw out these young men and invite them to his home. Moreover, is it not the height of unfairness to expect our girls to marry at the point at which their parents have arrived only after years of struggle? I

## THE QUIVER

think a father can do much by showing that he is not unwilling that his girl should marry a poor man, provided that the man has ambition and is likely to make good in due time. To frown on every man who is not making five hundred a year is not the way to help our girls to make happy marriages.

And I have another plan which I hope will materialise as soon as the war is over. I am not in favour of hasty marriages with soldiers from overseas. I do not think that any girl ought to marry an Australian or a Canadian until she has crossed the waters and lived for a time the life of a Colonial settler. But why not an exchange of hospitality between parents overseas and parents at home? Many parents in the dominions would be glad to send their sons awhile to England if they could be sure of wholesome hospitality for them. The ordinary Colonial cannot write a cheque for a six months' visit at expensive hotels, but he could probably afford to pay part of the bare steamship fare, knowing that hospitality were arranged in England. And in return for such hospitality for his son he might reasonably be expected to invite the daughter of his son's host on a return visit.

If this does not sound feasible I should like to point out that before the war such exchanges of hospitality were frequently arranged between French and English parents. If we can send our sons and daughters to France why not to our own dominions?

### **Fine Work for an Empire League**

It seems to me that here is very fine work for the Empire League, or for the Agents-General of the various dominions. The Colonies need women. Our daughters need husbands. We do not want to send our girls to the Colonies as workers unless they know something of Colonial conditions. But a visit of three months is different. It shows a girl what the possibilities of Colonial life are; it gives her opportunities of meeting men who are pioneers. It brings her into an entirely different atmosphere, and even if she does not find a husband she will be all the better for the trip.

But I do not intend to wait for official action. I know that my youngest girl would like to go overseas for a trip. I have friends in New Zealand. I shall write to them and ask if they will offer her hospi-

talities for a visit after the war, and I have little doubt of their reply. They shall know how, in return, I shall be glad to make a happy time for one of their sons or daughters on a visit to England.

These are not things which our girls can do for themselves. They are essentially tasks for the parents. And they are tasks that most parents could accomplish, for most of us have friends in the dominions.

As to the cost of such a scheme—well, it would be no more costly than sending your girl to a cheap German school for a year or to a French family. Better to do with fewer clothes, fewer servants, fewer amusements, than deny the chance of marriage and motherhood to your girls. A hundred pounds would more than cover the total cost of a long visit to Australia or New Zealand, while to Canada it would be considerably less, and money spent on travel is never money wasted.

### **Empire Emigration for Women**

Up to very recently it was possible for a domestic servant to emigrate to Western Australia for an expenditure of three pounds. Why? Because the Government knew that such women would probably settle and marry, and provide the country with children. I do not think that after the war the Colonies will be content only with domestic servants as their nation-builders. They will call for women of education and intelligence to mate with the men who have returned from their days of fighting victorious and valiant. It might very well pay the Government of that great land of Australia to offer reduced passages to all women who cared to see what life held for them overseas. It might be worth while to cheapen travel, to bring the dominion as near to the Motherland in actual material outlay as she has been brought near to the Motherland in the great flaming patriotism of these wonderful days.

There is so much that we could do for our dear girls. They have come back to us in these days of war. They have re-found their homes. It is our joyful duty and our most happy privilege so to help them that after we have passed away they shall have another home in which to dwell, there to hear the laughter of little children about their firesides as we heard it in the long ago.



# A CASTLE TO LET

by  
Mrs BAILLIE REYNOLDS

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE MIDNIGHT BAPTISM

THE night of the Orenfels ball had come. The guests, numbering eighteen in all, had ridden up on mules during the afternoon, had tea, and then retired to dress for the evening.

Camiola, Mizpah, Irmgard and Betty were dressing under great difficulties, and with enormous hilarity, in the garret which they shared with Marston and Rahula for the night. Each had a cubicle, with a bed, a chair, a very small washstand with a truly Continental ewer and basin, a tiny looking-glass hung upon the wall above the washstand, a little table, and a strip of rug beside the bed.

That was all!

Nothing daunted, however, the girls rigged up a big toilet-table, with a mirror of useful size, in one of the six divisions, and took it in turns to have their hair done. Irmgard had assured them that, in spite of Otho's declaration to the contrary, very few of their visitors would desire the luxury of a bath in the morning, so they had brought their beloved tin tubs upstairs with them.

Otho, in capital health and wild spirits, had arrived that morning, and, with Neville, Bassett and Conrad, was sharing the next big garret. It was a glorious picnic for everybody, and the K.C. seemed to be enjoying it as much as anybody.

Miss Purdon and he had been carefully on the watch during the past week for any nocturnal wanderings on the part of Camiola. Nothing of the kind had taken place. They also watched unremittingly for any signs of communication between her and Esler. Of this likewise they had seen nothing. The weather during a part of the week had been wet, but on every fine day they had gone on some expedition. Esler was not present on any of these occasions. Except for his daily attendance at the buffet of an evening, he might as well not have been in the house at all.

Camiola was absorbed in the preparations for her party, the polishing of the gallery floor, the consultations with Herr Neumann, who in person was to superintend the supper arrangements, the contrivance of extra sleeping accommodation, and so on.

She kept a brave front, but inwardly she suffered a great deal. It had not seemed possible to her that she could feel such keenness of pain, and for such an apparently inadequate reason.

She had allowed her feelings to escape from her control, and the effort to gather them in again was severely painful.

During the half-hour or so each day that Esler was in the same room with her, she neither looked at him nor spoke to him. At other times, if she saw him in the grounds, she walked the opposite way.

One day she was sitting, as she often did, in the oriel window of her own room, gazing out upon the sunny garden. She noticed, idly, that she had left her novel upon the marble seat on the tennis lawn, with her handkerchief between the pages as a marker. As she gazed she saw Esler coming up the hill with a basket of French beans on his arm. He was not looking well. The effect of his effort that night in the cave, his wonderful achievement in bringing her out of danger, had not yet worn off. There were purple shadows under his eyes, and his face looked thinner.

He passed slowly before the bench, and his eyes turned upon what lay there. He stood still a moment, looking; then, as if reluctantly, he went on.

His feet lagged, he hesitated, turned back, stood a moment with his back between her and the things she had left lying there. When he moved away the handkerchief had been abstracted from the book, and he walked off rapidly, with bent head, holding something to his lips.

Camiola felt furious. That night, when he set her soup-plate before her, she said, in the tone of abrupt command which she rarely if ever used to a servant:

"I left a handkerchief in the garden this

## THE QUIVER

afternoon upon the marble seat. Please fetch it."

He finished carrying round the course, went out of the room, and in a minute or two reappeared with the handkerchief, neatly folded, upon a tray. She took it without comment, without daring to look at him; but she knew she had hurt him cruelly.

That was best. He was going away in a very few days now—each morning brought the time nearer. He was nothing to her, had refused her his confidence. It was best that they should not be on friendly terms—they who never could be friends.

On this night, in spite of the excitement of the moment, in spite of the fact that Otho was back, and that she meant—fully meant—to give him his chance some time during the evening, the thought of Esler was haunting her. She dwelt on the memory of his white, exhausted face, and the cold of his limbs when she had awakened, warm and safe, in the tunnel above the Gaura Draculuj. She thought of his faultless behaviour, all that night, and on every occasion when they had been alone together. He was a gentleman—an English gentleman; then what was he doing masquerading as a peasant at Örenfels? The insistence of the question was maddening. Yet she never once for a moment dreamed of sharing her distress of mind with Irmgard, still less with Mizpah.

She looked upon the whole matter as a disgrace, a stain upon her girlhood, a lamentable deviation which must be smothered in her own heart for ever. She had only to be strong for a couple of days more—to "hold out," as he himself had said—and it would be all over. Her aberration would be a thing of the past, and she would in process of time forget it.

She was dressed and ready to meet her guests.

Supper was laid out in the dining-hall, the drawing-room was for couples sitting out, and a bridge table was also arranged there for the sake of one or two elders who were present. At one end of the gallery was a buffet for light refreshments, and the steaming coffee urns had just been carried in, when Camiola pushed open the secret door which led from the garrets and emerged into the long, clear space, the floor gleaming in the light of lamps and clusters of wax candles.

She was looking her very best. Since

that evening in Truro Gardens, so few weeks ago, she had gained much. In spite of her having grumbled, while being dressed this evening, that living on the mountains spoilt you for wearing evening-dress, the effect of her gown was perfect. It was white and silver, and she wore La France roses in compliment to her own name.

One solitary disc of court plaster, very small, upon her left shoulder was all that was needed to cover her scars, her long white gloves concealing the cut upon her arm.

Conscious—as what girl is not conscious—of being admirably gowned and looking remarkably nice, she went up to Herr Neumann and congratulated him upon his arrangements. He replied with voluble compliments upon her beauty, and an emphatic wish that the Hldenthal might never lose so fair and generous a patroness. She smiled and bowed in response to his gallantry with a better grace than had been possible on the last occasion when he launched forth. It was no longer out of the question that she might, after all—

Then the secret door burst open, and Conrad rushed out in all the glory of a dinner jacket and a real shirt front, Camiola having presented this attire for the occasion. He caught her about the waist and waltzed down the gallery with her, to the intense delight of all the waiters, looking on enraptured.

By degrees others assembled, the noise of chatter and laughing grew louder. Herr Neumann poured out coffee and insisted that the young mistress should drink it while she had a chance.

After this the band arrived, and was established, and presently dancing began.

"Ah!" whispered Otho to Betty, as he took her programme from her, "you are wearing blue! In my thought of you, you wear always blue—like the *vergiss-mein-nicht*—what you call it in English?"

"We call it just the same," murmured Betty, looking down. "Forget-me-not."

"It was what I wanted to say when I was going away, only I had not the *bravage*—I mean the the *muth*, you know!"

"The courage," whispered Betty.

"Yes, the courage. I have been dreaming each night of lifting you in mine arms and bearing you down the river bank, and of your small hands upon my neck."

## A CASTLE TO LET

"Oh, said Betty, rising hurriedly, "don't! I wish you would not! In England we do not talk like that; I mean, of course, unless——"

"Unless?"

She was much embarrassed. "I mean—a man would only talk like that to one girl—to the girl he——"

"The girl he—loved?" Otho's voice was magically soft.

"Yes," agreed Betty, crimson.

"Well, then, why tell me not?" demanded Otho delightfully. "I do only what they do in England, it seems."

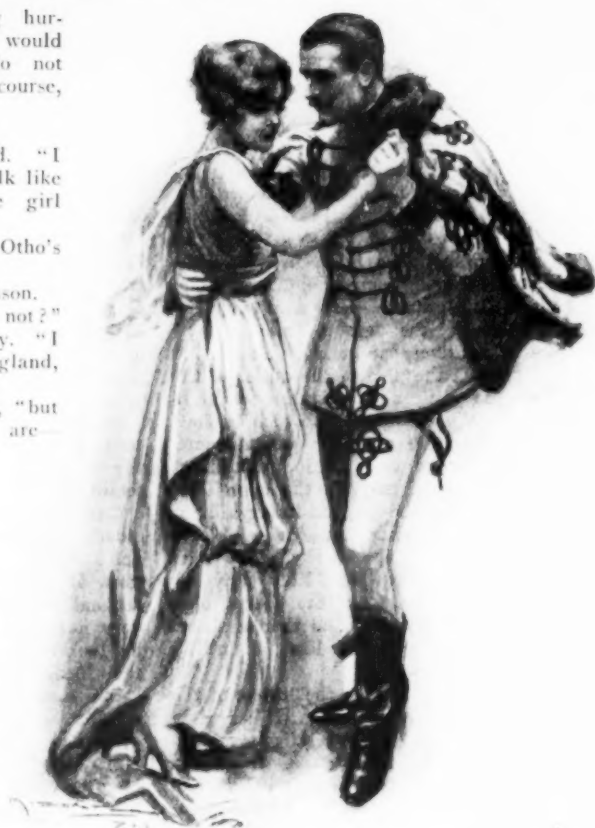
"Oh," cried Betty, scared, "but you—you mustn't! You are—surely you are going to marry Camiola!"

"Do you think so?" he asked, gazing right into the girl's limpid eyes. He had the delight of seeing her lashes fall and the colour flood riotously over her fair face.

"Come," he said, "let us dance now. This waltz can speak to you of much I cannot say. I have so small English, but there is much the music—shall plead for me."

His arm went round her, and they moved away together. Down the long gallery Betty was floating in a dream. Why, ah, why did people say such horrid things about foreigners? Was not Otho a foreigner? Was he not beyond compare, the most delightful, the most gallant gentleman she had ever known? Surely she need not consider Camiola, Miss France, with her great fortune, who would always have lovers at her feet! He, Otho, might actually have had the heiress, and preferred her, little Betty!

It did not, as a matter of fact, take Miss France long to discover that Otho had not come back to her as he went. As the evening progressed it became more and more evident that he was not at all anxious to snatch the chance which she had thought herself so eager to offer. He would dance with her, talk to her—he was excited, merry, charming—but he was not tender;



"There is much the music shall plead for me."

*Drawn by  
A. C. Michael.*

he did not try to gaze into her eyes; he seemed, if anything, a little distraught.

Camiola was soon able to discern the reason. Passing out upon the terrace, upon the arm of one of the von Imberts, she saw Otho and Betty sitting upon the marble bench. There was nothing unbecoming in their attitude, but it seemed to her to indicate quite clearly that they were lovers. The thought made her pulses tingle. Was this the second man who might have had her and who said "No, thank you"?

On the heels of that thought came other calmer, far more sensible reflections. To engage herself to-night, while still her heart was sore, while still that hateful madness held her, would be a counsel of despair.

It was not written in the Book of Fate that she should love and mate here at Oren-

## THE QUIVER

fels, though never had she seen a place so suited to such things as love and marriage.

She laughed at herself. There was plenty of time before her. She need not feel so disturbed. She had always meant to wait until she was twenty-five before falling in love, and this unpleasant experience which she was undergoing was a fortunate thing in reality. It would put her off romance for some time to come.

In spite of all these wise and sober reflections, she was restless and miserable, so out of tune and unfit to play her part, that presently she felt a few minutes' respite imperatively necessary. Dismissing her partner on the plea of the duties of the hostess, she slipped downstairs as if to survey the supper room, to which in half an hour's time the company would resort. All was in order and looking charming, and she passed on through the main door of entrance into the flagged courtyard.

This was in solitude and darkness. No moon this week lit up the sky. The stars were the only light. The Milky Way lay like a wreath athwart the deep blue heavens, and every now and then a shooting star darted across like a falling diamond.

Camiola sat down upon the lowest of the semicircular steps, and leaned her chin on her hand. She strove to get a firm grip upon herself. There was within her so strange a turmoil that she was frightened. She did not know this undisciplined person. Surely it was not Camiola France, graduate of the University of Oxford? So she argued with herself, yet nothing seemed to have power to still the insistent fact which was before her mind all the time.

"He is going away to-morrow."

Suddenly she started. As she sat she was facing the chapel windows across the quadrangle, and there was a light within.

Camiola stared. Yes, decidedly, there was a light—not a bright one, but she could see the picture upon the stained glass. It threw a little coloured shadow upon the paving-stones.

What could be going on at that hour in the chapel? She rose swiftly to her feet and crossed the court. Softly she laid a hand upon the latch of the chapel door, and it lifted, so noiselessly that it must have been carefully oiled. Pushing it open a very little way, she heard the sound of a voice—a priest's voice—reciting. She

slipped cautiously within and pushed the door to behind her. The entrance was on the north side of the chapel, near the west end. Exactly facing her as she stood was the font. Round it were grouped a little cluster of people in the light of one oil lamp hung upon the wall under an old, dimly gilded ikon.

The Popa stood by the font, holding an infant in his arms. Frau Esler was kneeling, with her back to Camiola, and Esler beside her. On the young man's other side was a girl—an English girl, she was certain; she had too slim a back for it to belong to the Hlenthal. She wore white—a trailing white gown, and an artistic picture hat, white also. Under it her brown hair was visible. The fourth person, completing this curious group, was Forbes, her own butler, who knelt awkwardly, grasping the back of a chair, and wore an air of feeling himself a fish out of water.

Camiola was in dense shadow where she stood. There was a dark-coloured portière across the chapel door on the inside. She drew it across her sparkling white dress, so that the priest—whom she knew to be very near-sighted—would not notice her if he looked that way. The others all had their backs turned to her.

She stood enthralled as the words of the service went on. Esler was evidently prompting Forbes with his replies. He was apparently anxious concerning the strength of the girl who knelt beside him. He leaned towards her with wistful solicitude, and once put out his hand and laid it across her waist behind as if to support her.

The service was soon over, and Forbes scrambled with alacrity to his feet.

"You'll excuse me, sir, won't you?" she heard him say to Esler. "I am all in a fuss lest I should be wanted any minute."

The girl spoke in a clear, soft voice: "Yes, go, Forbes, and many thanks." She held out a delicate hand.

Forbes took it, and stammered out: "I am sure I wish you joy, ma'am, both you and the gentleman and the dear little baby too."

Camiola had waited to this point, too, devoured with flaming curiosity to reflect. Now, as the butler turned ponderously on his heel, she slipped like a shadow behind the portière and let herself out into the courtyard.

Her head was in such a whirl that she felt she could not be seen and spoken to



"She stood  
enthralled."

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael.



## THE QUIVER

just then, yet Forbes's heavy tread was crossing the chapel floor, and he would be out upon her in a moment. She glanced along the side of the quadrangle which faced the main building, the side of which the keep formed the corner. In a flash she saw that the door of the keep stood ajar. She ran noiselessly along the yard and slipped within the welcome doorway, just as Forbes came out of the chapel, and, crossing the yard with urgent haste, entered the castle hall.

She waited; the others were following close upon him; she must remain where she was until they had passed by. She glanced round her. A dimly burning and evil-smelling lamp was hung upon the wall of the rude guard-room wherein she stood. There were no signs of occupation, except for various bags and bundles, apparently containing the bandmen's night apparel, which lay in a heap upon the floor. She pushed the door to and stood by it, listening intently, heard a faint sound of voices, footsteps pattered on the flags, somebody went to the little door in the big gateway, opened it with caution—she was so near that she could hear the rustle of departing petticoats—and then a step echoed close at hand; somebody was coming towards the door behind which she stood.

Panic assailed her. She felt like a trapped spy. She could not be caught thus, listening behind a door! Where could she hide?

Her eye flashed round, she saw the foot of the corkscrew staircase in the corner. On noiseless feet she fled thither, and had just run lightly up one twist when she heard the door pushed open, then shut and barred.

Somebody walked across the floor below.

She could not possibly descend; the only thing to do was to go on to the room above, which she vaguely remembered as communicating with the next. She might go along and descend by a different stair. She pursued her way, and entered the upper room.

This too was lit, and she saw a camp bed, a table, a washstand. There was, however, no second door. On the table stood some objects which caught her attention almost to the exclusion of all other considerations.

On a table easel of well-carved oak was a picture frame, also of carved oak. In this frame was a sketch of herself which Irmgard, who drew very well, had made in

the garden some days back and discarded as "not good enough."

Camiola, at the time, thought it good. Now, in its encasing oak, it looked even better than she had supposed it to be. On either side of it burned a tall candle, such as was used in the chapel. Before it was a vase containing La France roses.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE WILD SWANS

**T**AKEN in conjunction with the scene she had just witnessed below in the chapel, this seemed to Camiola little short of an outrage. Her eyes flashed with fury, she stretched her hand to snatch the picture from its shrine and fling it out of window. Then a sound from below struck on her ear, and she realised her own plight. To get out of this place was what she had to do—to disappear unseen from what was evidently the emergency quarters of Esler for the night.

Creeping to the head of the stair, she listened. Nothing stirred below. She stood there, hardly daring to breathe, wondering what would happen next. After a long minute she heard the person below walk deliberately across the floor, open the door, go out, and shut it after him. The revulsion of feeling was acute. She was saved. She had only to wait a moment, and then make a dash. It was almost time for supper to be announced, and she must be present to take the arm of the old Graf von Orenfels, who was the sole member of the family, except Otho, to accept her invitation.

First, however, she would gratify her rage. She snatched the portrait, laid it on the ground, stamped upon it with the heel of her white suede slipper, stooped, dragged the paper from beneath the broken glass, and tore the sketch into tiny fragments. Then she gathered up her glittering draperies and stole softly down the stair. Slowly she rounded the lowest curve of the corkscrew, and stood transfixed, facing Esler, who, with arms folded, was leaning against the barred door.

For one instant she felt inclined to act like a fishwife to run to him and strike him on the face. In the next she was the great lady, and, drawing herself up to her full height, she said in German:

"I was looking round to see what accom-

## A CASTLE TO LET

modation they have made for the band. I think I have come in at the wrong door."

He answered in English: "You are mistress here. I suppose it is your right to go in and out of all doors in this castle as you please."

"Certainly," she continued, with flashing eyes, still speaking German; "if I see a light in the chapel, I may enter to find out what can possibly be going on there in the midst of my party."

His face altered, he looked conscious.

"As you said the other day, the private affairs of my servants are no concern of mine," she went on. "I am no eaves-dropper, but I do consider I have a right to overlook the carrying out of my orders."

He said nothing.

"Let me out, please," she commanded, coming a step into the room.

He gazed upon her with a curious expression. In that dim, rough place she looked like a vision. Pride and outraged dignity glowed in her like a flame. Her head, crowned with a small tiara of diamonds, was held proudly. He gazed as a man before being led to execution may gaze upon all he holds dearest.

"I have been hoping—trying for one word with you," he pleaded chokingly, "for the last three days. I—I—shall not be here to vex you after to-morrow, and there is something rather important I wanted you to know."

As she advanced to the door, with cold refusal in every line of her, he dropped his voice to a note that made her tremble inwardly.

"Ah, let me tell you!" he implored.

She laid her hand upon the bar. "Let this down at once."

He raised his hand and laid it beside hers. "I went to the Gaura Draculuj on Saturday," he almost whispered.

The change in her face, the involuntary look of attention she gave him encouraged him to go on.

"The water," he continued, "has found a way somewhere down below, but it is escaping very slowly. On Saturday it was about three inches below the mouth of the chasm. It is still so hot that you can only just bear your hand in it. But—the point—the thing I want you to know is that the explosion threw up a lot of things."

For an instant she forgot her raging animosity. "Things? Remains of *them*, do you mean?"

He assented. They were both speaking English now. "I want you to see them," he added almost inaudibly.

"Where are they?"

"In the garden cave. I have made a list, and I should like to hand it over to you before I go, so that you will have every detail of the affair in your own hands when you make your discovery public."

In spite of her passion, she had a moment's wonder at his generosity. He had laboured for many months upon this question. Had it not been for his work and his precautions, the truth could never have been ascertained. Here he laid it all in her hands—laid down every pretension, went away, and left her to reap the credit, the publicity of the discovery.

"How can I go there," she faltered, "to-night? I shall not be in bed till dawn, and I am not sleeping in my own room."

"To-morrow night," he muttered, so low that she could hardly hear him. He kept his eyes lowered, fixed upon their two hands resting upon the bar.

Camiola's head swam. Her first impulse was to say "No." She argued with herself, however.

Ostensibly this man was her servant, and he had proved himself a first-rate one. He was leaving her service, and they had together carried out a search which had proved highly successful. He felt, and she thought him right in feeling, that she ought to allow him to lay all the threads in her hands before his departure.

She told herself that throughout their intercourse he had not said one disrespectful word, had not done the slightest thing which could justify displeasure on her part.

She was eager to see the grim tokens which the Black Dragon had disgorged in his wrath. She hesitated, wavered; she could see how he waited for her decision; but he would not plead. He stood there, preserving the correct attitude as it were by main force.

"I will come," she whispered, with a little sound like a sob.

He drew a long breath, and began to lift the bar from before the door. "You are always good," he said in a low voice, "and it cannot hurt you. You are young, rich, beautiful; you have everything you want; you will not regret." He checked himself, coughed, and added: "It will be a source of gratification to you all your life that you have cleared away the cloud of terror

## THE QUIVER

from the Ildenthal. Next year they will perhaps reopen the Kurhaus."

As he spoke the sound of the horn came to their ears, clearly, across the quadrangle. "I must run," cried Camiola, and as she spoke he set the door wide and she darted out, flew swiftly across the flags, and up the steps into the hall.

Forbes, standing just within the door, most correct, looked relieved on seeing her. "You are waited for, miss," he told her anxiously. She hastened upstairs to the gallery, where all the couples were assembled. With a few words of laughing excuse, she took the old Graf's arm, and in a few minutes they were all descending the oak stairs, and filing into the hall, where the supper table was spread in the form of a big T, Camiola being seated at the crossing point.

The band, leaving the dancing hall, filed into the musicians' gallery, and accompanied the meal with beautifully subdued music.

"It is like the olden days come to life once more!" cried the old Graf, looking with eager eyes upon Otho.

Otho avoided the avuncular glance. Betty was his partner, and he was sitting by her. Camiola's glance wandered from this couple to another. Neville and Irmgard were also together, and Irmgard's face was alight with happiness.

The mistress of the castle felt old and cold.

She was, however, determined that her own lack of spirits should not affect her guests. She roused herself to be exceptionally merry, and the banquet passed off most successfully. Everybody seemed pleased. With Irmgard's help she had been able to settle all the minutiae of precedence. Everybody had his or her proper place at table, and their national etiquette had been consulted wherever possible.

From all her guests she had the most gratifying attention, and she could congratulate herself upon a popularity quite surprising for one of her race. Yet, ah, how she ached for something more than this!

As the end of the programme approached Conrad ran up to her.

"Miola, darling, you are going to have the usual thing for the two last dances?" he pleaded.

She looked puzzled. "The usual thing? What is that?"

"Having in all the servants and we dance with them?"

"Why, that is a fine idea; but I knew nothing of it! The servants won't be expecting it; they won't be ready or prepared."

"Won't they just! I told them it was all right! I mean, I said I knew it would be all right, because you wanted it all to be done in proper Ildenthal style. So they are waiting, all of a twitter, and the bandsmen know the thing to play to summon them all in!"

"Conrad, this is delightful!" cried Camiola. "But why have you kept it dark until now? Do the others know?"

"Not the English, I expect, except, perhaps, Uncle Arnold; he seems to know most things about us!"

Miss France flew down the room and poured out the idea to Mizpah and Betty, who agreed that it was most entertaining.

The signal was duly given to the band, and they at once struck up a curious kind of air, like the "Ranz des Vaches."

Upon the sound the doors at the lower end of the gallery opened, and Forbes entered with Frau Esler, resplendent in the native costume, upon his arm. Esler followed, also in his native dress, with Marston. Behind them the house servants, two and two, then the hired waiters and other retainers. Each couple walked up to Camiola, curtsied, and passed on. It was like a scene in a play, and the English found it very delightful. Then the band struck up a national dance air, and Conrad and the other gentlemen of the house-party hastened to find partners.

This was evidently not a matter of choice, precedence being strictly observed. Forbes, with shamefaced aspect, admitted that he was no dancer, and that Miss Purdon had promised to sit out with him; but Frau Esler, with Arnold Bassett, skimmed along like a bird.

Etiquette demanded that Camiola should dance with Esler.

As he came up to beg the favour of her hand, she was half tempted to believe that the whole episode of the chapel, the existence of his wife and child, her own interview with him, were alike dreams, the figment of her imagination.

They were dancing together. In very few steps she knew that this was a partner such as she had not had during the whole evening. She felt as though floating out

## A CASTLE TO LET



"I suppose I have  
been a fool."—p. 907.

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael

from real life into the realms of fancy. They did not speak, but she knew that something in him responded to every breath she drew. Their very pulses seemed to beat in unison or harmony.

On and on they went. Each knew that only the ceasing of the music could make them pause. As long as this could last, it must last. The pleasure was so intense it might almost have been described as rapture.

When at last the band drew out its final, lingering chords, they stood together before one of the widely opened windows looking on the terrace. Camiola leaned upon the sill, watching the twinkling lights of the town puncturing the velvet darkness beneath.

"The first night that I passed in Hldestadt," she said dreamily, "I looked out of my window at the Blaue Vögel, and saw a light burn here in the tower. Why, that must have been in the room at the end of the passage up there above—your wife's room."

He made no reply at all. He leaned

against the casement with folded arms and lowered eyes.

Camiola did not speak again, and after a long pause he asked a question:

"Did you ever read Hans Andersen's story of the Wild Swans?"

"I think so—yes. Why?"

"Do you remember the princess who could not deliver her brothers unless she kept a complete silence?"

"Yes."

"It's rather a pathetic story, I think, don't you?"

"Yes."

"When you are thinking extra bad things of me, will you remember it?" he asked, raising his eyes to her face.

She flashed a look at him, but dared not prolong it. At the moment Bassett came up to them.

"Now, Esler," said he good-humouredly, "coach me on this matter. With whom must I dance next?"

He spoke German, of course, and Esler, with a bow to his late partner, went off with him at once.

## THE QUIVER

Camiola was left for one long, surprising moment by herself. She no longer felt old and cold. In her blood was the fire of the dance, the pulsating excitement of feet that moved in concert—and the thought of the princess in the story, weaving coats of nettles, hurting her hands, bruising her delicate fingers, silent in face of calumny, all for the sake of rescuing those she loved.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

#### THE SECRET ENTRANCE

CAMIOLA turned from her farewells, from seeing off the last of her guests, stepped back through the little door in the big gate, and crossed the sunny courtyard with her arm round Conrad's neck. As they entered the dining-hall, Marston met them, with a face so white that Camiola was frightened.

"If you please, miss, I wish to speak to you at once," she gasped in a voice which shook either with rage or terror, her mistress was not clear which.

"Come, then, up into the drawing-room," said Camiola, wondering what could possibly be the matter.

The drawing-room was vacant, the party being most of them strolling outside the front entrance, saying their good-byes, and enjoying the sunshine.

"Now, Marston, my dear soul, out with it. What *is* the matter?"

"The matter is, miss, that I have seen a ghost."

Camiola started, then laughed. "Why, Marston, the wonder to me seems not that somebody has at last seen a ghost, but that nobody has seen one before. But tell me about it."

Marston was in a state of such nervous tension that the very suggestion of flippancy was too much for her. She burst into tears, and Camiola, seeing how completely in earnest she was, became serious at once, and soon coaxed her into relating the story.

"You see, miss, I was waiting to get into my room this morning—as you know one of the young gentlemen had it last night. The reason was that I had got all your diamonds in a hand-bag, and though the people hereabouts seem very honest, still there were a good many strange waiters and such up at the castle last night, and one can't be too careful. I wanted to slip

into my own room the moment it was left vacant and lock the bag up in the wall cupboard there.

"We had breakfast late in the hall this morning, not until most of the ladies and gentlemen were down, and I stole up, before our breakfast was over, leaving everybody else at table, and hastened to my room. As you know, miss, my door is just facing yours, and as I went into my room I thought I heard somebody moving in yours. That surprised me, because everybody was downstairs so far as I knew. Certainly none of the housemaids could be there. So I pushed the door of my room almost shut, and peeped out.

"I heard a soft rustling noise, and three people were coming along the passage from the door that opens on the gallery. They were coming towards me, and I saw them all three quite distinctly. One was a woman in the costume these folks wear hereabouts. She carried a little infant in her arms. The other was a lady of the most unearthly beauty." Marston paused, and her eyes rolled with the combined effect of memory and imagination. "She wore a white dress, and a hat such as you see in old pictures, miss! I noticed that she glided more than walked. Her eyes were fixed in a kind of terror, and as the sunlight fell across the gallery I could see that her draperies was, as you may say, kind of transparent. The three went straight into your room for all the world as if it belonged to them. I was so taken aback that for a long time, or what seemed a long time, I could not move. But as soon as I had collected my thoughts a little, I stepped boldly out into the passage and followed them. I knew they was strangers and had no right in the house, and I knew it was my duty to ask their business. One does not realise, miss, all in a minute that you have seen something that is not of this earth. Well, miss, I walked in as bold as you please, and nobody was there."

"Nobody was there?"

"No, miss. Your room was empty. Of course, thinks I, they have gone through into Miss Purdon's room; and then, all of a sudden, I remembered."

"You remembered what?" asked Camiola of Marston.

"I remembered that when we were turning out of our rooms for the visitors, Miss Purdon locked the door between your room



## A CASTLE TO LET

and hers and gave the key to me. *It was in my pocket at the moment.* Of course I tried the door to make sure. It was locked right enough, and if anybody had locked and unlocked it I must have heard them, for it is a noisy affair. I looked under the bed and behind the window curtains. Of course there was nothing, and then I knew I had seen a ghost."

This piece of news vexed Camiola. She did not at all wish Marston to go about saying that the house was haunted, but, on the other hand, she was most unwilling to reveal the secret of the way out of her room. Moreover, if she did explain, if she did say that the individuals seen were friends of Frau Esler and had gone out by the secret way to the garden, then what reason for such secrecy could she give? Why should not Frau Esler's niece and the others go out by the ordinary methods of exit?

She tried the cowardly expedient of persuading Marston that her senses had deceived her—that some trick of sunlight and shadow had produced the unlikely little group of fugitives. Marston was naturally very indignant. She said she had not been five years with Miss France to have her word disbelieved, and that she should go to Miss Purdon and lay the matter before her. In broad daylight, at breakfast time, how could she possibly have imagined two women and a baby?

Camiola, driven to bay, said she had reason to believe that there was a baby in the house—some relation of Frau Esler's—she had not thought it her business. This made it so much more unlikely that the persons in question could disappear from view that Marston grew suddenly suspicious. Something, she could hardly tell what, made her apprehensive. Camiola was concealing something, she felt sure. With some abruptness she suddenly concluded the interview, saying she supposed she must have been dreaming, and went off, as Camiola well knew, to find Miss Purdon and discuss the matter with her.

Miss France felt annoyed. Esler was reckless. No doubt it was a stroke of genius to have his child baptised at a moment when the attention of everybody in the house was distracted from his proceedings. No doubt the chances of the women's reaching the secret door unseen while the whole household was at breakfast was a very good one—but with so many people about such risks

could not be run with safety. In both cases the persons who so mysteriously seemed to desire to remain hidden had been seen.

She was not left very long to consider the matter, for Irmgard was heard calling to her; and, upon Camiola's replying, burst eagerly in to tell her of her engagement to Neville. The girl was in such a state of bliss, mingled with anxiety as to what her father might say, that Camiola's whole attention was engrossed.

She did not think that Irmgard would receive a very effusive welcome from the Thurlow family, and determined that she herself must do all she could to atone for their possible shortcomings. To have Irmgard married to a relation of her own was a delightful thing. She began to suppose that there must be qualities in Neville which nobody, so far, had discovered.

The news could not be made public until Neville had received an answer to the letter he was at this moment composing to the General.

Camiola gave all the love and sympathy which could possibly be demanded of her; and the interview was only brought to an end by the appearance of Otho and Conrad, with demands that the promised expedition to the Gaura Draculuj should be deferred no longer, but should take place upon the morrow.

Camiola had been prepared for this request, and, in face of what Esler had told her, was ready with her answer. He had intimated that the cave might now be entered in safety, and Camiola's brain held glittering pictures of their amazement when she should relate, with much detail and circumstance, the adventures she had been through in that awe-inspiring spot.

Her ambitions were, however, still deeply tinged with the horror she had experienced upon first realising the ghastly character of the catastrophe which had overtaken the unfortunates who perished there. It seemed to her that at present she could not face the idea of visiting the place without Esler's supporting presence. Could she persuade him to stay just twelve hours longer? She thought that this might be possible.

"I think," she ventured cautiously, "that we might go to-morrow."

"Erwald said we could not go," observed Conrad in an injured tone. "He told me you had left it too late, because Esler is going away, and he declares he won't take

## THE QUIVER

us without him. He says we are too large a party for one guide."

"That is true," said Camiola, "we shall have to arrange for more guides, and the men are shy of the Gaura Draculuj."

"Is it really true that Esler is leaving?" cried Conrad dolefully. "Why didn't we go before he left?"

"That was Captain von Courland's fault," replied Camiola mischievously. "He made us promise not to go without him."

"It's just the one place I want to see most," persisted Conrad, "and if you thought it likely that it would not come off, I think you might have warned us, 'Miola. Did you know Esler was leaving?'"

"Yes, I knew," she admitted, feeling her cheeks grow warm. "But I was thinking about the party, you know. I had forgotten the Gaura Draculuj for the time. Never mind, Con, if it can anyhow be arranged you shall go, I promise you, old man."

Nothing at all was to be seen of Esler throughout that day, though Conrad went about hunting for him. Frau Esler said he had been obliged to go down to Ildestadt to superintend the departure of the band, but Camiola guessed that it was another departure which had occupied him.

The story of the Wild Swans recurred to her mind many times. When would the coats of nettles be finished?

It was with a distracted attention and a heavy heart that she went about the business of entertaining her guests. Everybody was tired and "after-the-partyish," and the day was not very satisfactory. Otho and Betty went strolling in the woods and got lost, returning late, with embarrassed apologies; and the other pair of lovers were so openly absorbed in one another that, as Conrad remarked, "a stuffed Teddy-bear could have guessed their secret."

Mizpah felt sorry for Camiola. It had dawned upon her that, whatever might be Miss France's intentions, Otho's had changed completely. The danger of seeing the heiress betrothed to an obscure and needy foreign noble was apparently over.

To the hostess's satisfaction, everybody was ready for bed very early. Even Conrad wondered whether a party was really worth the "beastly slackness" you felt next day. Camiola was so guiltily sensible of her own unwisdom in having promised to meet Esler that night, that she could think of nothing else. Whatever happened, she meant, however to keep her appointment.

Marston undressed her in a very unpleasant frame of mind. Camiola bore it meekly. Miss Purdon had listened to what the maid had to say with a very doubtful mind. She could not quite believe in the ghost ladies, and she was puzzled. But both Marston and she were fully determined to keep a watch that night.

Left to herself, and having allowed an interval for people to go to sleep, Camiola arose. For the sake of speed, she put on a tea-gown, and wrapped herself in a cloak.

When she descended the spiral, by the light of her torch, she saw Esler, seated on the rough table, with a good lamp burning.

As he rose and stood awaiting her, she saw that he was wearing the ordinary clothes of an English gentleman—a summer lounge suit. This gave her a little shock of surprise, which was apparently partly shared by the young man, who had always hitherto seen her, in these circumstances, in her mountaineering dress.

"This is to be a strictly business interview," said Camiola coldly.

"On my part, it is to be a confession," he replied quietly. "I have found out that I am not strong enough to leave you finally without telling you the truth. Will you give me leave to do it?"

After a short hesitation: "I have no wish to force your confidence," she said uncomfortably. "You have been silent so long—and now you are going—had you not better keep silent still?"

"Yes, I had better, but I can't," he answered bluntly. "Confession is the only sort of relief I may hope for. In all probability I shall never see you again. Let me have at least the comfort of knowing that you do not think worse of me than the facts warrant.

"You are the very soul of honour—like your namesake in the old play—Camiola, the Lady of Honour! You have said nothing to anybody of all the things you have found out. I know that you will say nothing of what I tell you unless you deem it right and wise. I can trust you—as once you said you trusted me—God bless you! Now listen. My mother was Roumanian. She married an Englishman, and they were very poor. They struggled, however, to give a good education to me and my only sister. I went into the navy. My father died when I was a boy, my mother ten years later. My sister, Clare, became a resident governess. She was very pretty—

## A CASTLE TO LET

far too pretty for such a life. An elderly man visited at the house where she taught. He fell in love with her, and she, poor child, was tempted by the desire of a home, and happiness—of being loved, of having some place to which I could come, some means of helping me. Well! I was away in the Mediterranean when it happened. I never saw the man, or I should have tried to stop her. He was not a good man, and he was not even kind to her. Having married her, an orphan, without means, without friends, he thought he had got her into his power, and could bully her as he pleased. He made her life unendurable.

"She bore it for a time, but he grew rapidly worse. At last I came home, and if you will believe me, we had to meet clandestinely, he would not have me to his house. Of course, I found out what a life she led. Then she told me all. She had just discovered that she was to have a child, and she was in terror lest his cruelty, the agonising tension of nerves at which she lived, might injure her baby. She wanted to get away, at least for a time—at least until the child was born. I made a plan. I thought of Frau Esler. She was my mother's foster-sister. Once, when we were children, and my mother was in poor health, my father sent us here, and we were twelve months with the Eslers, nobody knowing who we were. Later—at the time of my father's death—my mother came here with us both. I had three months' furlough, and we spent it here. It was then that I began to investigate the mystery of the Gaura Draculuj. Frau Esler loves Clare, and I felt that, if I could get her here, she would be safe; so we escaped together, and her husband did not, I think, know that I had anything to do with her flight.

"We got here in December, just before the heavy snow fell; and all went well, until——"

He paused there. Suddenly Camiola

raised her brimming eyes. She said only two words—"Your sister?"

He nodded silently.

"I had to save her," he said, almost roughly. "I suppose I have been a fool. I think so now. I have thrown up my career—left myself without even the poor prospects my profession afforded. But, at least, I have saved Clare and the child."

He was sitting on the wheelbarrow, and his hands and arms rested on the table. She leaned forward, grasping his hands in hers, holding them tight.

"Don't!" said Esler imploringly. "This is a strictly business interview. I was not making a bid for your sympathy—only just telling you the truth."

"It has been hard for you," she said tremulously.

"Hard?" He laughed, sprang to his feet, almost flung off the caressing touch of her hands. "It's over now," he said, "or very nearly. Come, I had better show you the things I have found in the cave."

Camiola rose to her feet. Her head was swimming. She tried to face the moment calmly. Should she allow this man to bid her adieu and go away, out of her life for ever? Or should she bid him stay? Love and pride struggled in her. It seemed as though he settled the question for her, so businesslike was his attitude and manner as he brought forward a tray, with objects upon it, covered with a cloth.

"Hush!" whispered Camiola suddenly. "Did you hear something?"

Both listened, and both heard sounds. "I believe I left the door open in my room," she gasped. "Somebody is coming down." A light now became visible, rounding the corner of the stair. A moment later, Miss Purdon, in her dressing-gown, with a bedroom candle, appeared in the cave.

"Is that you? How you startled me!" said Camiola briskly. "I am making an inventory of Esler's scientific discoveries. He is going away to-morrow, you know."

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.]





The Women's  
Harvest.

Photo 2  
Central News



Planting Potatoes.

Photo: Central News.

## By AGNES M. MIALl

FOR years past thanksgiving services have lost much of their significance to the majority of the congregations attending them. Before the war most of us rarely saw corn at all, and still more rarely helped to gather it in. Our huge supplies came principally from distant countries, and if the home harvest was poor we felt little or no practical inconvenience. It mattered to a few English farmers, perhaps, but the general public passed by almost unmoved.

How different is the case this year! Just as Zeppelin raids, with the darkening of streets which they imposed, made many townsfolk study the waxing and waning of the moon for the first time in their lives, so even he of the pavements and factories, who never sees corn save on his summer holiday, has this year brooded anxiously over the prospects of a good harvest and agitated concerning the need of workers on the land. And she—she of the office, the drawing-room and the school, of the delicate physique and the white hands—has donned high boots and overalls with a valiant heart. She has worked personally to ensure, as far as she is able, that the grain shall be finer and more plentiful than ever before. One may say with truth that 1917 gives us the women's harvest.

I know a girl of twenty who is the best plougher her employer has ever had, male

or female; I have watched women plant potatoes (another crop of how much immediate importance!) till the earth swam round their down-bent heads; I have seen them "shock" the just-cut corn as deftly as men through the long hours of a blazing day; I have helped to thresh, to the inspiring hum of the engine, till I was as black as a sweep and far more weary. There are women who contrive to love farm work, women who do it with a kind of sturdy indifference, others who break down under the strain. And yet, what the English girl is doing as an unparalleled measure, feeling herself no little of a heroine the while her muscles ache with the unaccustomed exercise, all history shows women of other times and nations as performing as one of the commonplace of existence.

Decidedly, it is a shock!

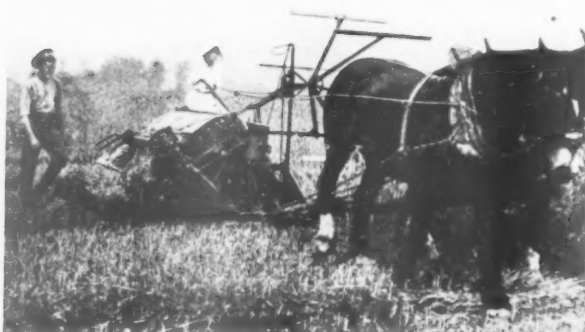
Facts go to prove that our emergency heroism is daily life to vast numbers of fellow-women. Even fiction gives us the immortal story of the old man who grumbled at the hardness of agricultural work, with the result that—

" 'If that be so,' the old wife said,  
'And this you do allow, sir,  
Why I'll go drive the plough, to-day,  
And you shall milk the cow, sir '—"

an exchange of tasks at which the dame shone far more than her reluctant spouse;



## THE QUIVER



An Expert Woman Reaper, with the assistance of a soldier reaper, cutting a large field of wheat.

Photo  
Central News.

while Whittier's poem on "Maud Muller," who

" . . . on a summer's day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay,"

gives us a charming pastoral picture of comparatively light summer labour in which women have always taken some share; but far more strenuous efforts are often required of them in regard to agriculture.

The Egyptians ranked with the Jews and the Romans as the great husbandmen of the ancient world. With instruments primitive enough, when compared with our modern motor ploughs and threshers, they laid large areas under cultivation and lived the true, full, agricultural life, then held to be one of the most honourable careers possible to any man. In this connection one recalls the Roman story of Cincinnatus, who, called from his plough to save his country, returned with simple dignity to the fields when his patriotic task was done.

On the banks of the Nile, with its periodic overflowsings to make the desert blossom as a rose, gangs of slaves worked under stewards, urged on to industry all the day through by fear of the lash. When the inundation had subsided, and been followed by shallow ploughing with oxen and the

clumsy wooden implements of that time when the rough clods had been levelled with hoe, the hand-sown seed pressed into the ground by the hooves of sheep which were driven rutlessly over the soil, came the days of growth and finally of harvest. It was the male slaves who reaped the crop of wheat or barley, but the little brown women who winnowed it. They tossed the grain into the air with small wooden boards, the wind blowing away and separating the chaff.

The Bible is full of the dignity and honourableness of tilling the land. So firmly was this opinion held in the patriarchal days and after, that passers-by, watching the husbandman reaping in the golden fields,



In Charge of the Bulls.  
Women are now taking care of the King's Prize Cattle at Windsor.

Photo  
Central News.

## THE WOMEN'S HARVEST

or treading the olives on the hillside slopes, would utter their reverent salutation: "The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord." Mingled with the sights of clustering vineyard and wind-swept grain are glimpses of women's figures; their voices rise above the ring of the axe in the forest, and the thud, thud, thud on the threshing floors of Palestine. We have the story of Ruth, who went to the territory of Boaz to follow after the reapers, and "gleaned in the field until

rings out at the end of a day's toil. Memories come, too, of "The Cornfield" of Constable, and the low-toned, restful farming scenes of Anton Mauve.

In fiction gleaning has its picturesque place. Blackmore, whose vivid poetical prose slips so often unawares into blank verse, has given us a word-picture of English West Country harvesting in the days of King Charles the Second.

After the parson had cut the first three swipes of corn, and the psalm of thanks-



Within Sound  
of the Guns

Photo:  
Central News

Women of France gathering in the harvest within three miles of the fighting line.

even, and beat out that she had gleaned; and it was about an ephah of barley."

Gleaning, of course, like Maud Muller's haymaking, has always been light work in which women could bear a hand; infinite romance and poetry centres in this very commonplace agricultural privilege, which has almost disappeared with the cessation of hand reaping and the more thorough methods of machines. We think at once of the wonderful pictures of Millet and Breton, who portray so forcibly the bowed figures of women stooping over the stubble; the brown-faced, deep-chested girl bearing home her gleanings on one shoulder; the reverent quiet of the hour when the Angelus

giving was sung, "so strongly that the foxgloves in the bank were shaking, like a chime of bells, at it," began the reaping.

"Of course, I mean the men—not women; although I know that up the country women are allowed to reap; and right well they reap it, keeping row for row with the men, comely and in due order; yet, meseems, the men must ill attend to their own reaping-hooks, in fear lest the other cut themselves, being the weaker vessel. But in our part, women do what seems their proper business, following well behind the men, out of harm of the swinging-hook, and stooping with their breasts and arms they catch up the swathes of corn, where the

## THE QUIVER

reapers cast them, and tucking them together tightly with a wisp laid under them, this they fetch around and twist, with a knee to keep it close; and lo, there is a goodly sheaf, ready to be set up in stooks. After these the children come, gathering each for his little self, if the farmer be right-minded; until each hath a bundle made as big as himself and longer, and tumbles now and again with it, in the deeper part of the stubble."

Up the field and down the field the long procession swept, "and when to either hedge we came . . . backs were in need of easing, and every man had much to say, and women wanted praising"—this last a sly touch as true, perhaps, to-day as in the seventeenth century.

The agricultural gangs of women and children which still exist in a very modified form in the Fen country carry us back to the (mostly) bad old days of the third George, when great efforts were being made to drain the low-lying marshy lands around the Wash. For this big task, additional to the ordinary farming pursuits of the adjoining counties, women, girls, and boys were chosen, partly for the sake of cheapness, and partly because male labour was otherwise employed. They were formed into gangs by independent individuals known as gang-masters, who made their own arrangements with farmers requiring extra labour.

The system was a most evil one. The hard work told severely upon women and growing children, but a greater misery was that in most districts no cottages were available to house a large floating population, and in consequence the gangs led a nomadic life. They slept in barns, under hedges, where they could, in fact; and any day, under scorching summer skies, or the freezing cold of winter, the weary gangs might be met with on the roads, dragging

themselves from one employment to the next. Slowly they trailed, as well they might, the tired women leading yet more exhausted little ones by the hand. Health and morals deteriorated rapidly among these farming gipsies—so much so that an inquiry into the conditions of agricultural child-life was included in a commission on child-labour which sat in 1802. The startling facts which came to light led to the passing of the Agricultural Gang Act, which limited the distance that might be travelled on



In the  
Olden Days.

Photo:  
J. Gave.

foot and forbade the employment of little children under eight.

Much modified gangs, under considerably different conditions, still work for farmers in the East Anglian counties, but they are perhaps more comparable to the East-End nomads who, with home in a light cart, throng all roads leading Kentwards in August and September, bent on the annual "opping" which to them is a summer holiday.



#### A CONTRAST

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

Above is a photograph taken a generation ago of reapers at their midday meal. Below, taken this year, shows women workers on the land resting in a snug little club-room specially provided for their use.

## THE QUIVER

American women gathered in at least one harvest during the Civil War, especially in the hard-pressed Southern States, where, by the summer of 1864, every fit man, from the schoolboy of sixteen to the greybeard of sixty, was with the diminished Confederate Army, making its last bid for victory. On neither side did the women actually perform the field work, as our women are doing in this far greater war, for in the Federal area immigration from Europe was proceeding very rapidly, and consequently male labour was not excessively scarce; while in the south there was abundance of slaves, able to work well in the hot cotton-swamps which no white women could have long endured. But into the hands

of steadfast northern matrons and the haughty, softly-bred ladies of Virginia and Georgia, fell all the responsibility of wheat farm or cotton estate, the managing of labour, the arrangements for transport of the produce, the coping with difficulties created by the war.

In France, as in all conscriptionist countries, what "girl Jan Kidd" described in his day, and Millet painted in his, is always a feature of national life. Even in times of peace, when men's labour is plentiful, the women also work on the land. One may see them bent double in field or orchard any day, young girls, vigorous matrons, and the bowed, gnarled figures, with brown faces seamed by a hundred wrinkles, whom the demands

of the soil have made old at fifty. Now, in war time, when the husbands and sons have exchanged their blue blouses for blue-grey uniforms, the women of France shoulder the full burden of fruit growing, corn crops and the vintage.

The little girl just entering her teens sallies out into the meadows at dawn with the sheep; even the rheumatic old grandmother can still plant a row of potatoes or keep the *potager* free from weeds.

As in France, so in many other European countries, the women work side by side with the men in tilling the fields, and carry on farming unaided during periods of warfare. In such parts of unhappy Belgium as remain still habitable the husbandry in which this nation has al-

ways excelled is to-day in the hands of the weaker sex—hands made capable by daily experience in times of peace.

Life is labour in Flanders, where small holdings are the rule, and the tenant and his family think no hours of work too long so that they gain a living. As the east lightens with dim primrose rays, grey figures trudge along the roads and plunge over muddy fields. Night has well fallen before the clump of sabots is heard on the modest threshold, and men and women troop home to supper and bed. How the women do all the necessary household tasks as well is a mystery. Yet they do not grumble at their lot, and on Sundays are even gay and talkative as they go forth to church neatly dressed, with flaunting parasols to protect



A Harvest  
of Turnips.

Photo:  
Central News



## THE WOMEN'S HARVEST

the skins that field work has been busy ruining all the week!

In the days before the present upheaval, East Prussian agriculture drew its summer labourers from Russian peasants, who migrated in families during March, and returned to their native land before Christmas. The men were poorly paid—only a mark or two a day, with as many potatoes as they could eat, and the women, as usual, got less, "not because they work less," says an amusing writer on their ways and habits, "but because they are women and must not be encouraged." They lived and worked much as animals, being people of the lowest order of intelligence; but in spite of poor food and poorer housing, much labour and little joy, they were sufficiently tempted every year to make the journey into Germany, and to sing happily as they came home at dusk.

It is the First of March, and the early Balkan spring has broken on a white Roumanian village, tree-embosomed. The girls slip round their necks on a twisted red and white thread the amulets that are to preserve complexions made soft and white by the winter indoors,

and sally forth to begin the summer farming season. The slender figures, clad in dark skirts, bright jackets and kerchiefs gracefully folded over the head, with the small hands and feet that no amount of outdoor labour seems able to spoil, little suggest a life of hard manual work, often lasting twelve or fourteen hours a day. Never idle, the workers' fingers are busy with their distafis as they swing lightly along in the freshness of the spring morning; for despite their long spells of

farming, they are good spinners, weavers, needlewomen, and also cooks. Young girls in white robes drive the sheep to pasture, and the education of even the smallest children is suspended during the summer, that they, too, may help the earth bring forth its stores.

"It is not graceful and it makes one hot," says the brilliant authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," when she discourses of tilling the soil; "but it is a blessed sort of work, and if Eve had had a spade in Paradise, and known what to do with it, we should not have had all that sad business of the apple."

To which the answer seems to be—perhaps!



The End  
of the Day.

Photo:  
Illustrations Bureau.

# THE DUCHESS'S PINCUSHION

By

HILDA M. MARRIAN

THE handsome, well-groomed visitor turned the pincushion round in his hand.

"Unique," he murmured, looking closely at the inlaid panels, "absolutely unique. I don't wonder that you prize it, Miss Bennett. I've never seen such beautiful inlay work before," and almost reluctantly he returned it to the elderly lady, whose astute grey eyes had watched his scrutiny of the peculiar ornament.

Miss Bennett carried it back to its accustomed place beside her work-basket on a corner table. It was a hexagon-shaped piece of ebony surmounted by a cushion of crimson velvet.

"It is very much admired generally," Miss Bennett said; "but I prize it particularly because it was Her Grace's last gift to me."

"I shall be eager to read your Memoirs, Mr. Smithson," said the pretty girl who sat at a gipsy table dispensing the tea. "The Duchess of Granstone must have been an interesting lady—Auntie often speaks of her to me."

"Yes, Marjorie and I will look forward to your book," Miss Bennett said, as Mr. Smithson rose to go; "and if there is any other little point," she added, accompanying him into the hall, "that I can help you with, be sure you come to me. Having been the Duchess's companion for twenty-four years, I am well acquainted with all her eccentricities."

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Bennett," he said, effusively. "You have cleared up a lot of difficulties for me already, and I shall certainly avail myself of your kind offer. I expect the book will go ahead now by leaps and bounds."

"The Duchess," Miss Bennett observed, "was greatly beloved and widely respected, but she had her enemies. Yes, she had her enemies, Mr."—a perceptible pause—"Smithson," and the old lady's manner made him feel very uncomfortable as he walked down the garden path.

Miss Bennett returned to the drawing-room to find her niece slyly watching the stranger depart.

"What do you think of Mr. Smithson, Auntie?"

"I'm afraid a few minutes' conversation scarcely makes one competent to judge anyone, my dear."

"I met him down by the river," Marjorie went on, "and he asked me where you lived. I said as I was then returning to Willow Cottage he could come with me. I think him extremely nice, so courteous and polished—different from Geoffrey and other young men we know. I hope he will come again—he may want more information for his Memoirs."

"He may or may not," Miss Bennett said. "It is possible he has all the information he will require."



"Have you seen Geoffrey lately?" inquired Miss Bennett of her niece one morning at breakfast.

"No, Auntie, not for a long time," answered Marjorie, without adding that Sir Geoffrey's sister had sent her an invitation to join them in a picnic luncheon, which she had refused, having another engagement.

"Someone told me they saw you and Geoffrey walking in the park, but I said they must have been mistaken."

Marjorie blushed guiltily without replying, and was glad her aunt was not looking at her. It had been she in the park, although her companion was not Sir Geoffrey Hargraves.

"Geoffrey is very fortunate," resumed Miss Bennett. "He loves a wealthy girl."

"Geoffrey—loves—a wealthy girl!" ejaculated Marjorie. "Whoever told you? I'm sure he doesn't—he doesn't love anyone."

"I must differ from you," Miss Bennett replied. "I am sure that he does."

"I don't believe it," Marjorie said emphatically. "Who told you, Aunt Sophia?"

"I cannot disclose confidences, dear."

## THE DUCHESS'S PINCUSHION

"Are they engaged yet?" And there was a touch of sarcasm in the girl's voice.

"No; but I shall not be surprised to hear of the engagement shortly. I am very glad for Geoffrey's good fortune; he will be able to pay off the mortgage on the estate and renovate the Manor House."

"With his wife's money? Is it the poor girl's gold that he loves? I am surprised at him. I had thought better of Geoffrey."

"You must not misunderstand me, Marjorie. I said Geoffrey loves a girl who happens to be rich. Pass your cup, dear," and Miss Bennett raised the silver coffee-pot.

"Thank you, I've had sufficient."

There was a few minutes' silence whilst Marjorie struggled with feelings she was too proud to show. She and Geoffrey had been friends since childhood, a friendship that with the girl had developed into a stronger passion, and she had long been confident her feelings were reciprocated, although Geoffrey refrained from telling her so.

"What are you doing to-day, dear?" Miss Bennett inquired.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing particularly," Marjorie answered rudely.

"I have to go to London," the aunt said, "and may not be home before evening."

Marjorie expressed no interest in the unusual journey, but Miss Bennett showed no displeasure. She appeared satisfied with life generally that morning, and that she was pleasurably excited about something was evident from the merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Will you tell Jones I shall want the trap?" she asked, rising and brushing the crumbs from her black satin dress.

As the girl hurried from the room her aunt smiled.

"Dear Marjorie!" she thought. "How piqued she is because Geoffrey loves a rich girl!"

Marjorie ran across the garden to the stable, too much engrossed to remember the pony's customary lump of sugar.

"It isn't true! It isn't true!" she told herself. "Geoffrey is not in love with anyone—he likes me better than anyone else, and he would propose, only he is poor. How I wish I was rich, and then—" But while she refused to admit it the idea that Geoffrey had fallen in love with a wealthy heiress grew more probable.

She forgot that she had an appointment

for that morning; the pleasure with which she had remembered it before breakfast had entirely vanished. Geoffrey was lost to her—he had deserted her for a girl with money.

"He will not love her, and they will be miserable all their lives," she told herself with some gratification.

She roamed aimlessly about, feeling very miserable, and not in the least disposed to cuddle the Persian, who followed her with imploring little cries. She was out of sympathy with everything, even with the river she loved, which flowed past at the foot of the garden.

When her aunt had gone she strayed into the drawing-room, took up a book, and, sitting with her back to the French window, tried to forget her misery in reading.

A shadow fell upon the page, and she looked up quickly. Mr. Smithson smiled down at her.

"I waited a long time for my river nymph, then I grew anxious—I wondered if she were ill?"

"Oh, I—I forgot all about—" began Marjorie. "How d'you do?" as they shook hands. "Will you come in? I've been rather busy this morning," she said, inventing an excuse for herself.

"I've been busy too," he answered, stepping into the room, "so much so that I feel I deserve a holiday. I'm going down the river to Letchbury, and I wondered if you would bear me company?"

"Well, I'm quite alone—Aunt Sophia is out for the day."

"Oh, is she?" He did not mention that while waiting in the glade for Marjorie he had seen Miss Bennett drive past on her way to the station. "Then will you please come?"

"Yes, I would like to; I'll fetch my hat and coat."

As the door closed behind Marjorie Mr. Smithson stole across the room.

"My luck is in," he muttered excitedly. "A fortune and a lovable bride for one careful throw. Now, I mustn't displace you, my Treasury—three inches from the work-basket."

He picked up the pincushion, and at that moment the door opened.

An hour later, when they had drifted several miles down the river, Mr. Smithson turned the boat into a narrow inlet, where the trees from either side met overhead.

## THE QUIVER

"I have a confession to make, Miss Hare," he said softly.

"Oh, that sounds terrible," the girl laughed; but something in his look and tone caused the rosy hue in her cheeks to deepen.

Bringing the boat to a standstill under the bracken-topped bank, he took her hands between his own.

"Marjorie, I love you. We haven't known each other long, but since I met you by the river I've lived only for you—that same day you captivated my heart. My river nymph, will you marry me?"

Marjorie was embarrassed. She knew that he admired her, but the idea of Mr. Smithson as a husband had never entered her head. If he had spoken the previous day she would have refused him, on account of her tacit understanding with Geoffrey. But now? A thrill passed through Marjorie's being, a thrill of exultation. Geoffrey had thrown her over for a girl with money, but here was a man who loved her for herself.

"But—" began Marjorie, with downcast eyes.

"Oh, say 'Yes,' my dear one," he interposed, dropping on his knees. "Say 'Yes,' my sweet, my—darling. Do you think you could like me a little, Marjorie?"

"I think I like you very much," the girl admitted.

"Call me Louis," he murmured. "Let me hear you say it, sweetheart."

"Louis," she whispered.

He moved back into his seat, drawing her down beside him, and put his arms about her.

"Will you marry me, Marjorie?"

She laughed a little; she knew she would yield her promise directly. To marry would be a splendid way of proving to Geoffrey she did not care.

She had never analysed her feelings towards Louis Smithson. In a way, she liked him better than anyone else; he was a member of that world Marjorie knew only in dreams, and his presence excited her pleasurably. He was a very agreeable companion, with whom delicate flattery was an art. Compared with Louis, Geoffrey and the other men she knew were clumsy rustics. She did not realise she was fascinated, that he pleased her vanity but not her heart.

"Say that you will give your precious self into my care, Marjorie."

"Oh, I don't know. Well—perhaps—yes."

He pressed her to him, and was about to kiss her when she drew back. His action offended her; somehow the idea of his lips against hers aroused a sense of repugnance. As she resisted him, his arms tightened about her, and he kissed her forcibly.

"Don't!" she said sharply. "I—I don't like being kissed."

He gave a little laugh of amusement.

"Oh, but I want many now. You won't refuse kisses to your lover, will you, my river nymph?"

How strange it was that his pet name grated on her now. She passed her irritation off with a laugh, but as soon as his arms fell from about her she escaped to her own seat.

"I want you to do something unusual, Marjorie," he said, in a serious tone, "and I'm afraid it's a great deal to ask. In three days I'm going to America, so I want my river nymph to marry me at once. My darling, don't say I ask too much, but will you come away with me now?"

The girl raised her eyes in wonder.

"I cannot cross the Atlantic and leave my precious Marjorie behind. I could not rest. I should be unutterably miserable. Darling, will you come?"

"Now?" she exclaimed. "Don't you want me to go home again?"

"Yes, come with me now; you won't mind, will you? It's a very unusual step, I know, but just the way I've always thought I'd like to be married. No fuss, no to-do—a regular run-away affair. The idea is full of romance; it appeals to you, doesn't it, darling?"

"I—I don't know."

"It is ideal!" he cried, persuadingly. "Come, my river nymph," and he clasped her hands. "Take heart; be brave and face the unknown with your prince," and he vigorously pushed the boat out into the river again.

As they were coming out of the shadows Marjorie heard her name called, and saw Letitia Drew and Sir Geoffrey Hargraves in a boat going in the opposite direction. The baronet's sister waved, and Geoffrey raised his hat.

She said little on the way to Letchbury, and listened dully to Louis's plans. He proposed she should send a telegram to Miss



"Bringing the boat to a standstill,  
he took her hands in his."

Drawn by  
J. E. Sutcliffe.



Bennett, saying she would not be home that evening and was writing. They would have some refreshment, then go to London, where Marjorie could stay at a private boarding-house he knew of.

They went to an hotel at Letchbury, and Louis left her in a private parlour, while he went to the telephone.

The girl was glad to be alone, and shrugged her shoulders as if to shake off the feeling of his caresses.

"Oh, what has happened? What has happened?" she whispered. "Oh, dear!"

In the back of her mind was a wish that all this was only an exciting dream, and that she would wake directly in the pleasant drawing-room at Willow Cottage.

She felt restless, with her nerves on edge. A French window opened into the garden, and passing out she went down a secluded path overarched with rambler roses.

"Dear Aunt Sophia will be terribly surprised to hear of my—my marriage," she said. "I wonder if she'll be pleased? Perhaps she won't like the haste. I wonder if Geoffrey will be surprised? Well, I hope he'll be as happy with his bag of gold as I shall be with Louis. But I wish we weren't getting married so hurriedly—there's no time to get any pretence of a trousseau; but, as Louis says, it is delightfully romantic: three hours ago I was my uncommon self, and now I'm engaged and running away."

She breathed deeply and began to see pleasure in the prospect.

"A honeymoon in America! Girls will envy me for that. I think I'll have blue for my travelling dress; I shall want to buy a lot of things. . . . I would like more time—if only Louis could spare me a few more days. I'll try to persuade him to change his mind," and she went back to the house buoyed with this hope.

Having made a circuit of the garden, she entered the hotel by another door, and made her way back to their room. She opened the door, the latch making no noise, to see Louis with a strangely familiar object in his hands from which he was transferring something into a morocco case. With a start he looked up.

"Er—Marjorie, my love, I was wondering where you had run away to?"

She approached him quickly.

"Oh, Louis, I wish we could go back and

tell Auntie. She will be so surprised, and perhaps it will offend and worry her—my sudden marriage. It will be inexplicable to her, since she has not known of our meet—" Her attention was arrested by the thing he was pushing into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"How—how like Aunt Sophia's pin-cushion!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes; it struck me how uncommonly like it was to Miss Bennett's—that's why I—er—bought it," and as he succeeded in pushing it out of sight he looked at her almost defiantly.

Marjorie caught her breath.

"But—that is Aunt Sophia's," she said unfalteringly.

"Very much like, as you say, really—er—extraordinarily similar. And now shall we have tea, my river nymph? I was just coming in search of you," and he put his arm round her to lead her to the table. "The time's getting on, and there's a lot to do when we reach London."

But the girl hastily drew back, facing him boldly. This Louis was not the Mr. Smithson who had figured in her dreams for the past weeks. She was conscious of a displeasing difference in him with which the gleam in his eyes and his excited manner had possibly something to do.

She could not understand it, but two things she knew—she did not like him enough to run away with him, and it was her aunt's treasured pin-cushion he had put in his pocket. Had she not seen the pink-headed pin she had stuck in it that morning?

"That is Aunt's," she protested. "Whatever are you doing with it?" And something humorous in the situation striking her, she gave a short, sudden laugh.

"My river nymph is trying to be contrary," said Louis, with affected ease. "Will you believe me when I say it is not your aunt's?"

The girl turned away and sat down at the table. Nothing that Louis could say would make her believe it was not her aunt's property he had in his possession.

She felt faint from excitement, and having a vague faith in tea and time, she decided to take some food while she thought out a way of escape from this entanglement. One thing she knew: she was not going farther with him.

## THE DUCHESS'S PINCUSHION

She poured out the tea and passed Louis a cup.

"Thank you, my love," and he took it with a radiant, lover-like smile.

But his endearing terms were insufferable now. The girl in her heart prayed for courage.

"Mr. Smithson, I came to a decision just now—I must go home to-night."

"Don't be a silly child," he began, frowningly, but she interrupted him.

"I must go home, Mr. Smithson. Please give me my aunt's property. I can't imagine why you took it—it seems a most singular thing to do, but I wish to take it back."

With a smile, half bitter, half resigned, he drew the ebony thing from his pocket.

"Return it to Miss Bennett with my compliments," he said, somewhat scoffingly. "I hope she will continue to treasure it, though she has less occasion to than she had. If it hadn't been for her fool of a servant coming into the room, my plans would have gone smoothly."

To Marjorie this was Hebrew, but she hastily tucked the pincushion into the bosom of her sports coat.

"I have no wish to speak to you again, Mr. Smithson. I am afraid I do not care for you as—as I thought I did, and I retract my promise. I trust to your honour not to make any reference to it in future."

He smiled, but with a touch of sadness.

"I think you may trust me not to worry you, Miss Hare—for reasons of my own. I'm honestly sorry to lose you—I set my heart on you from the beginning, but I wanted too much. I've brought off one coup, though, and must be satisfied. You won't shake hands? My river nymph, farewell." And he held the door open for her to pass out.



Three hours later a chauffeur, who was bending over the machinery of his car, was aroused by a tired voice asking the way to Clunbury. He looked surprised when he saw the girl who stood beside him.

"Oh, beg pardon, Miss Hare. Yes, miss, yes, straight on; then the first turning on the left. It's quite seven miles, miss," he added.

"Thank you, James: I didn't recognise you at first," and the girl smiled at Mrs. Drew's chauffeur.

After her long walk in the dust and heat it was cheering to see a familiar face.

She was turning away when Sir Geoffrey Hargraves came round the car. The unexpected meeting confused Marjorie, who greeted him formally; but the young man's face lit up with pleasure.

"How d'you do, Marjorie? I'm so glad to see you. Are you walking, by the way? May I drop you at Willow Cottage?"

His pleasant manner did not mollify her feeling of indignation against him; but being tired she felt grateful for his offer.

"Are you going my way? I went to Letchbury and found I hadn't any money to bring me back," she said, with affected lightness. "Then somehow I missed my way and have done a lot of useless walking."

"I took Letitia home," Geoffrey said, "and borrowed her car to bring me back. We had a breakdown—which was very fortunate, as it has turned out," and he opened the door for her.

Marjorie could not understand Geoffrey. He seemed more pleased than usual to see her, and the thought occurred to her that she was the one he loved, even if he was marrying a rich girl from force of circumstances. But James had scarcely taken the wheel when he bent towards her.

"Marjorie, I was longing to see you—in fact, I intended calling this evening."

She looked at him quite coolly, but conscious how handsome he really was, and that he compared favourably with Louis Smithson, whom she remembered with a shudder.

"We've always been good chums, haven't we?" and Geoffrey's confidential tone and embarrassed manner made Marjorie shrink within herself at the thought that he was going to confide in her about his great happiness. "Now don't you think we could be very happy married?"

The girl started with surprise, and he ventured to put his arm round her, drawing her to him.

"Marjorie, I love you with all my heart—you know that, don't you, dear? I've wanted to tell you a long time, but my poverty has prevented me. We should be rather poor, but we would be very happy, Marjorie. Before long I hope for a better post, but for the present we should have to live quietly. Would you face such a prospect, dear? Will you marry me?"

She drew away from him.

"Oh, but, Geoffrey, aren't—aren't you engaged to a—a rich girl?"

## THE QUIVER

His frank countenance expressed his astonishment.

"Auntie told me you were going to marry someone with a lot of money."

"It is untrue, Marjorie, absolutely untrue. Wherever did she hear such a tale? I don't love anyone but you, Marjorie—you are the one I want to marry. Dear, Miss Bennett was entirely mistaken," and he drew her to him again. "I was horribly jealous, Marjorie, when I saw you with a friend this morning, and I determined then to tell you of my love the first opportunity. I am ashamed of what I have to offer, but I am working hard, and I hope things will soon be different. Dearest, what is the matter?"—for the girl was crying on his shoulder.

She smiled at him through her tears.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I'm so glad you love me, after all—I was afraid you didn't," at which he kissed her passionately.

When the car drew up at Willow Cottage Miss Bennett appeared at the door.

"I've had a most satisfactory day in London," she told them as they entered the house. "You will dine with us, won't you, Geoffrey? I want to tell you both a very unusual story." The lady, apparently in a jubilant mood, led them into the drawing-room. "What do you think? While I have been away my house has been robbed."

Geoffrey looked concerned, and Marjorie's face blanched as she thought of her aunt's pincushion lying wrapped in her coat on the hall chair.

"Let me begin at the beginning," said Miss Bennett excitedly. "Just before the Duchess of Granstone died she gave me a peculiar pincushion that she had always treasured, and she said that after her death a letter would be given me respecting it. I didn't have the letter, and I suspected then into whose hands it had fallen—the family of De Vere. Mrs. De Vere, whom I knew well, was the Duchess's sister-in-law, and very jealous of Her Grace's liking for me. That was six years ago. About a month since a man called here—Mrs. De Vere's son. I recognised his features at once, although he said his name was Smithson. He admired my pincushion particularly, and I saw that he looked closely at a certain panel. Afterwards I examined it. I suspected, I can't explain why, that the pincushion contained something the Duchess had meant for me.

Mr. De Vere had given me a clue, and by pressing one of the ivory studs, by which the cushion is surrounded, I caused half a panel to slip back, disclosing a cavity filled with a collection of jewels. I knew then what Louis De Vere wanted. There was also a message from the Duchess to me.

"I took out the stones and put in some imitation ones. His family had become possessed of my letter, which disclosed the secret of the pincushion, and wanted to deprive me of Her Grace's bequest. When I returned this evening I missed the pincushion, and Martha tells me that on entering the drawing-room this morning she found Mr. Smithson there. I sent the jewels to London, and to-day have sold them for fifty thousand pounds, which I am dividing between you two children. I've more than I want for myself already, and wish to give this to the two I love most," and she smiled from one to the other.

"What a romantic story, Miss Bennett," Geoffrey exclaimed, somewhat embarrassed, whilst Marjorie stifled a gasp of astonishment. "I heartily congratulate you on your astuteness and good fortune. I'm going to protest directly about the splendid gift you propose bestowing on me; but first Marjorie and I also have great news. Darling, come here," and he drew the girl into his arms. "Auntie," he continued, "we love each other and beg your consent to become engaged."

Miss Bennett was obviously delighted; she kissed them rapturously and hugged them with tears of joy in her kind eyes.

"Oh, I'm so glad—so glad," she murmured. "And now you won't say anything against my present, will you, Geoffrey?"



That night Miss Bennett heard her bedroom door open.

"Auntie," whispered Marjorie, "here is your pincushion. Mr. Smithson took it, but I brought it back. Oh, Auntie, why did you tell me Geoffrey loved a rich girl? I couldn't guess you meant me. I gave up all thought of him, and almost ran away with Mr. Smithson out of pique. But please never speak of it. Good-night, Auntie," and kissing the old lady the girl crept away again.

Miss Bennett hugged her pincushion under the bedclothes, and realising what a tragedy had almost happened, murmured a prayer of thankfulness.

# A VILLAGE RED-LETTER DAY

By

EMILY M. SOWELL

THERE are not many things which arouse interest in our quiet little village, but amongst the few that do have this desirable effect are sales and funerals. It is somewhat difficult to decide which should rank first. Even in war-time a sale will turn the villagers' thoughts away from the sad news of "wounded" or "missing," though any pleasuring would be rightly considered out of place. Yet it is open to query whether, after all, the good folk do not find as much real enjoyment in a sale as they would in the usual dissipations of "fancy" or "knife and fork" teas which abound in our district. It will therefore be readily understood that when a placard announcing the coming sale of the household effects of "Mrs. Moss, who is leaving for Canada," was seen on the walls, it sent a thrill of excitement through all readers, work and plans forthwith being so arranged that nothing should interfere with the expected pleasure.

Happily the weather is fine when the red-letter day at length dawns, thereby enabling the company to stroll about the little garden discussing the worth and value of the "effects."

Young Jack Thompson is early on the scene. He is due to be off to-morrow to "join up," but there may be bargains at this sale which will help to furnish that little home which he and pretty Phæbe Mason have been discussing so intently of late.

Close behind him come Mr. Mills and his smiling wife. There is rarely a sale at which these two are not present, and Mrs. Mills is an expert in the art of "pricing" the true value of the goods put up to auction. No crack ever escapes her eagle eye, and many a neighbour commissions her to make purchases if unable to do so in person, and rests assured that should Mrs. Mills vote a certain article overpriced, her verdict is true, and there is no grumbling at the loss of a coveted bargain.

And now the company is flocking in fast,

all kinds of vehicles bringing those who live at a distance—traps, spring carts, donkey-carts, bicycles, and even a motor-car, which latter fact causes great excitement, and makes the crowd feel this is going to be a "proper" sale.

Much conversation is carried on whilst the goods are being inspected, many of which are displayed in the front and back gardens as well as indoors.

"And how is Mr. Nicholls?" asks Mrs. Mills of an elderly woman she meets on the staircase, whose whole appearance strikes one as portraying the possession of very little spare cash.

"Well, ma'am, thank'ee, he seems better like, though he do complain a bit of the food he gets in that there infirmary. But they be giving him some rare good medicine now; he calls it 'Scott's Commotion,' though it seems a funny name to me."

Further conversation is stopped by the arrival of the auctioneer, and a general stampede ensues into the front garden.

"Ain't Mrs. Wells come?" questions old Farmer Freeman to his neighbour, who has turned a thick box edging into a seat, and shakes her head solemnly.

"She be busy this afternoon and can't possibly spare the time. There be a funeral on—old Jimmy Dobbs from the Almshouses—and Mrs. Wells always goes to funerals; she be a very religious woman."

Farmer Freeman does not question the truth of the latter statement, it being a general axiom in the neighbourhood that attendance at funerals denotes a certain amount of piety.

"It was a rare grand burying Mrs. Lane gave her old man last week," continues the second speaker. "No one could have done more. She even gave him a ham funeral."

Farmer Freeman takes this second surprising announcement quite composedly, and turns to another neighbour.

"And what have you been buying, Mr. Yates?"

"Well," says Mr. Yates, gazing rather

## THE QUIVER

perplexedly at a curious medley of articles in an old box he is holding. "I saw in that there catalogue there were a bird's bath for sale with some other gimcracks, and my little maid would have me get it for her canary, but it don't seem up to much," and he displays the coveted article which bears an unmistakable likeness to an empty potted-meat glass.

"Two-and-six! Two-and-six!" calls the

of any value will have cost her more than a new one, but this would not disturb her satisfaction in her bargain.

The next article is a hearth-rug, for which bidding runs high, and no wonder, for, if the auctioneer's description be correct, it is fit to grace the boudoir of our gracious Queen Mary. After a spirited contest Mrs. Weston secures the prize for the princely sum of 10s.

"I went with Mrs. Moss to buy that there rug," whispers Mrs. Nobbs to Farmer Freeman. "It cost only 7s. 6d. when it was new."

A slight diversion is caused by the Doctor's car stopping at the gate, and he comes up the path with a nod and smile to several old patients, and a cheery inquiry for Widow Grose's rheumatism. He has stopped only to give a message to Mr. Yates about medicine to be fetched that evening, and swings off again, but not before he has asked Mrs. Jacobs what *she* has been buying. Apparently the answer amuses him, for he is laughing heartily as he enters the car, causing the other occupant, the Vicar, who is having a lift to a distant hamlet, to demand the reason.

"Really too lovely!" chuckles Dr. Stanton, as he starts the car. "I asked Mrs. Jacobs what her purchases were, expecting to hear of marvellous frying pans or such-like domestic treasures. 'Well, Doctor,' says she, 'there were some books going cheap, and my little ones be that fond of reading that I bought two for them,' and she showed me her bargains."

"What were they?" asked the Vicar, and his companion exploded again.

"Josephus and Motley's 'Dutch Republic,'" answered Dr. Stanton. "You have wonderful children in your Sunday School, Vicar!"

"I saw old Mrs. Kerslake there," said the Vicar when they could speak for laughter. "She told me last week the walk to church was much too far for her. But her cottage is three times the distance to where the



C. S. Everett

Mrs. Luxton bears off her unwieldy purchase in triumph

auctioneer. "Only two-and-six for these three saucepans! Now's your chance, ladies! You can never have too many of these articles, I'm sure. What! No response?"

"Half-a-crown," says a young man, grinning.

"Half-a-crown, ladies! Now's your chance! Don't lose it. Half-a-crown," then, as an afterthought, "two-and-six, just the same. Ah! Mrs. Luxton, I thought you wouldn't let such a bargain slip."

Mrs. Luxton bears off her unwieldy purchase in triumph. True she has never noticed that one saucepan leaks, the second being very old and cracked, therefore the only one



## A VILLAGE RED-LETTER DAY

sale is being held, and she had walked to-day."

"Ah! but then it's a sale," said the Doctor dryly, and the Vicar sighed.

Meanwhile business is proceeding briskly, money flowing freely, causing sundry murmurs about the advantages of separation allowances. Mrs. Jackson raises a veritable thrill when she is heard bidding £5 for a small sideboard, neighbours wondering how the article could be got through her front door, let alone into the best parlour. Mrs. Jackson is living rather "in clover" at present, the result of separation allowance for a large family (the two elders of which are also earning good wages), and the unwonted luxury of a weekly income which a neglectful, drinking husband never allowed her, so one can scarcely wonder that she has been heard to express a wish that the war would not end too quickly.

And now the sun is sinking in the west, the sounds of evening begin to be heard, and Farmer Martin thinks he must hurry home to milk those patient cows, which are never kept waiting unless a sale is proceeding.

Mrs. Mills, after all the day's excitement, begins to feel a craving for her tea, which ordinarily ranks as one of the day's events, but sinks into insignificance beside the absorbing interest of a sale.

Mr. Mills has his donkey-cart ready, which looks over-weighted with the roll of oilcloth purchased by Widow Grose, now being taken to its destination by her kindly neighbour, together with sundry other goods for various friends. His wife would gladly have a lift home, but "bargains" rank first, so Mr. Mills clatters off, and his weary helpmeet trudges home through the leafy lanes in company with other friends, tired and hungry, but jubilant at having seen the sale "out."

Mrs. Mills' married daughter, living three

miles away, and unavoidably prevented from attending the great event, has cycled over to hear the news, and has the evening meal prepared, the singing of the kettle being a welcome sound. Over the teacups is again retailed the day's proceedings, the good and bad bargains, the auctioneer's remarks, the "gentry" who attended, and so forth until Mr. Mills, having delivered all his goods to their respective owners, arrives home, stables his tired donkey, and comes in to add his share to the animated discussion.

Very weary they may both be, with very little to show for the day's labour, but their reward is a glowing sense of satisfaction at a duty well performed in having been



*Bargains rank first*

present at what Mrs. Mills classifies as a "lovely" sale, and the good people go to their well-earned rest feeling they have obeyed the spirit of Nelson's immortal signal that "England expects every man" (and woman) "to do his duty."



# THE TRICOLOUR COCKADE

Final Story in the Series "The Tricolour"

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

THE August night hung with almost tangible heaviness over seething, roaring Paris, a night which brought no sense of peace or refreshment. The thunderous sky seemed to press down upon the streets, upon the roofs, beneath which so few slept. For those who had lived through the day of August 10th were not likely to rest; and those who slept, slept mostly for ever.

All the worst elements of the city were roving abroad; cruel, brutal licence reigned everywhere. The governing powers were stunned and helpless; there was no law, no order. Sober and reasonable citizens shut themselves securely within doors; only the scum was left visible upon the surface of the city's life.

Through one of the narrow streets near the Place Carrousel, a woman passed quickly, glancing from side to side. She wore a short frieze petticoat and a coarse cotton overdress; her bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes, lined with straw, and a plain cotton cap concealed her hair. Yet although the dress was correct in all its details and fitted the perfect Parisian market-woman, the bearing, the gait, were those of a Court lady.

Diane St. Amory had never been a convincing actress in the old Versailles days; strain, emotion and imminent peril of death were scarcely likely to improve her gifts in this respect.

Yet, so far, luck had favoured the girl. She had succeeded in making her escape from the Palace without much difficulty, threading her way through a maze of tiny rooms and passages in the servants' quarters, until she reached a back entrance, which had escaped the notice of the mob.

Diane was steadily resolved to save herself, if possible; she counted that as a sacred pledge to Antoine Hochmann, who had given his life for that end. It was her

purpose to reach a certain Hôtel de Campagne in the Chaussée d'Antin, where others of the Queen's gentlewomen had taken refuge; the Marquis de Campagne was a steady, faithful Royalist, and, at the same time, not yet entirely out of favour with the popular party.

But the girl was discovering that it was no easy business to find her way in the maze of narrow streets which surrounded the Palace of the Tuileries. Accustomed to travel everywhere in her carriage, she had rarely, if ever, passed through them on foot, and she was obliged to pause constantly for consideration.

She reached a somewhat wider and more frequented thoroughfare; pressing closely against the house walls on the darkest side of the road, she hurried along, possessed by a nightmare feeling of dread. It seemed to her that the gabled roofs held eyes in the windows beneath their pent brows, staring—spying.

Suddenly from the dark archway of an alley a throng of people poured, engulfing Diane before she had time to move away. They were mostly women of the lowest type, coarse-faced, slatternly furies, but it was a man who first drew attention to the shrinking girl.

He was a huge, burly fellow, wearing the scarlet uniform coat of a Swiss Guardsman, stained here and there by a deeper red, with his pipeclayed belt dragged to bursting point about his stout person.

"Hey—who's this?" He thrust his flushed face close to that of Diane. "A girl—and, by St. Guilotine, a pretty one! You must pay toll with half a dozen kisses, my charme, before you pass Jeannot Fouron!"

His blood-stained hand gripped Diane's wrist, his beer-heavy breath was hot on her cheek. The girl drew back with a sharp exclamation of shuddering abhorrence. It

E

le Cam-  
e others  
taken  
was a  
the same  
with the

it was  
the maze  
led the  
med to  
she had  
on foot,  
ntly for

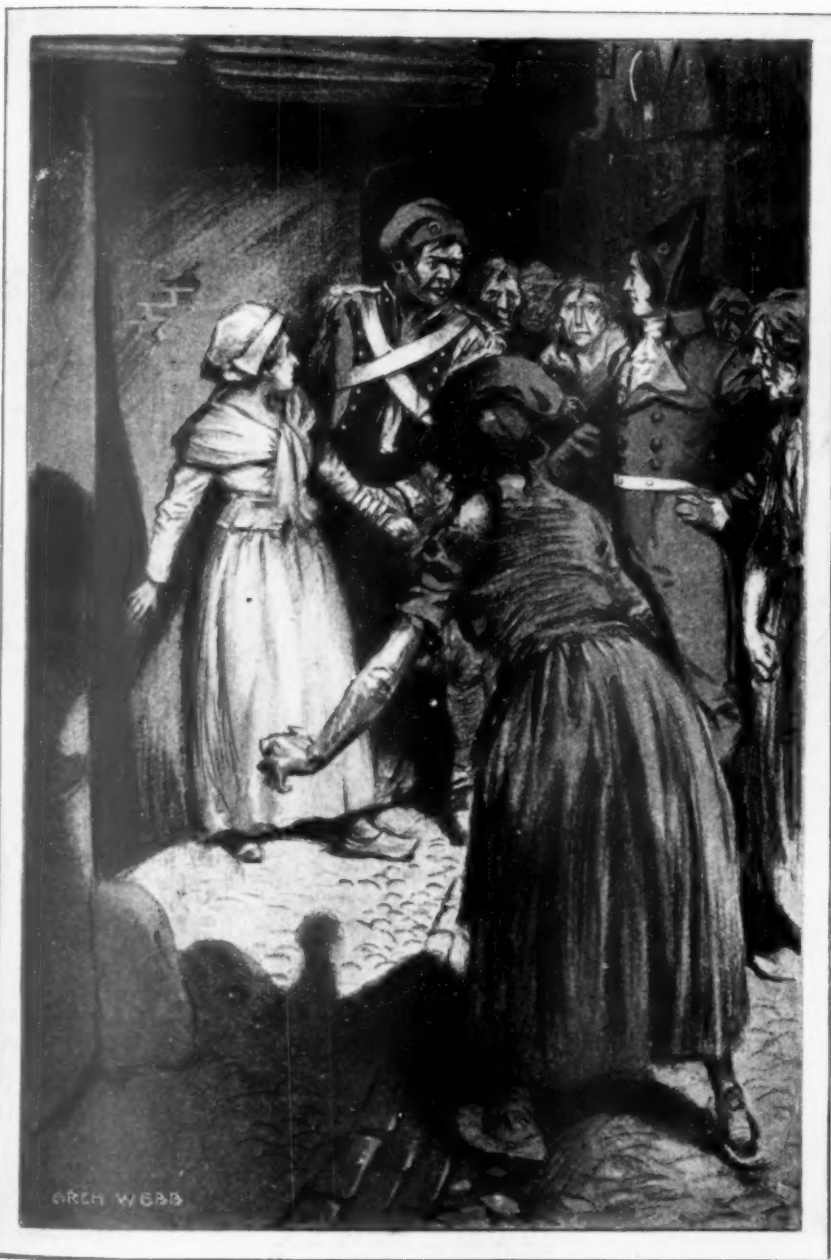
nd more  
closely  
rest side  
essed by  
emed to  
s in the  
staring

y of an  
ngulfing  
e away,  
lowest  
but it  
a to the

ring the  
rdsman,  
ed, with  
bursting

ust his  
e. "A  
ty one!  
a kisses,  
Jeannot

Diane's  
t on her  
a sharp  
nce. It



"His blood-stained hand  
gripped Diane's wrist."

Drawn by  
Arch. Webb.

## THE QUIVER

would have served her far better to have submitted, however unwillingly; possibly, she might then have been allowed to pass, but Diane, as we have said, was a bad actress.

Her reluctance irritated the man; he tightened his grip, drew her towards him.

"Coy, eh?" he mocked her. "Well—well—oh, fie, would you strike me, you vixen!" He caught at Diane's upraised right hand, and, as a flicker from the swinging lamp overhead caught it, looked more closely. "What lily-white fingers, too—here citizenesses, this hand has done but little work, I'll warrant!"

Laughing, and yet with a sinister note in that laughter, the women crowded round Fouron and his prisoner, their coarse, poverty-gnawed faces plainly visible in the light from the lamp. The words which the man had spoken more in jest than earnest were taken up by these of the girl's own sex in a far more serious fashion: A red-capped harriidan caught Diane's hand roughly by the wrist, then flung it from her with a vile oath.

"She's not one of us, for all the way she's dressed. See her feet, too, sisters—they've never tramped Paris streets, through Paris mud. 'Tis satin slippers would fit them better than sabots!"

A younger woman, laughing derisively, bent to drag aside Diane's skirt from her ankles. As she did so, the petticoat beneath was exposed, with its edging of fine lace, and a positive howl of fury broke from the little group.

"See—see—which of us ever wore the like of that! Spy—Austrian—cursed Palace woman!"

They crowded round Diane, thrusting their fierce, unwashed faces into hers, jostling her, with curses and threats unspeakable. She glanced from one to the other wildly, her self-possession gone for the moment, seeking some way of escape, stammering excuses.

"I—I—believe me, the lace was a gift. It—it came from the Palace—yes!" She grasped at a possible explanation, and went on more boldly. "I took it—stole it, if you will, from the room of one of the Court ladies."

Had the girl possessed another face, another voice, another personality, the tale might have passed. As it was—

"You lie!" howled one of the women. "Tis you who are the Court lady yourself; aha, we'll soon see if your blood be blue, or no!"

At the threat in the words, Diane shuddered, shrinking back against the wall. Many by now had joined the throng about her, yet, as she looked wildly round, she could see no face which bore a trace of pity. Then, of a sudden, upon the very outskirts of the crowd, she saw someone whom she knew, and cried out to him with almost frigid appeal in her voice.

"Oh, Roch—Roch Duperrier—save me! Save me!"

A little stir of excitement ran through the crowd at her cry; many turned to look at the slightly-built young man, whose name and person had become so well known in Paris as one of the most brilliant of the Revolutionary journalists. For Roch Duperrier, the one-time aristocrat, had sprung into power at the very dawn of the Revolution; his fervid, inspiring articles—stern, yet free from the blood-lust which possessed many of his compeers—made his paper one of the most widely read in France.

Something in his refinement had appealed strongly to the populace, perhaps his very unlikeness to themselves; and Duperrier, at least until now, had been something of a Parisian idol.

Diane had not seen or spoken to her cousin since the day of their bitter quarrel, the day of the flight from Versailles. She knew his reputation well enough, although she had heard him spoken of at Court only with scorn or with a hatred which, in itself, was rather a compliment to his power.

And it was to this man that her extremity had forced her to appeal; in very shame at what she had done, the girl buried her face in her hands.

For a moment Duperrier stood motionless staring at Diane over the heads of the crowd. He was dressed very simply, but there was no affectation of sansculottism in his dark brown suit and exquisitely white linen. Nevertheless, he wore the tricolour cockade of the Revolution pinned prominently upon his hat.

The young man's eyes showed dark and luminous in his pale face, but his expression was inscrutable, until, of a sudden, he threw back his head and laughed, loudly, mockingly.

## THE TRICOLOUR COCKADE

"So, my beautiful cousin, you have come to this at last!" he cried, and the words, in their cold cruelty, seemed to flick Diane like a whip.

"You know the woman, then?" Fouron put the question, with suspicion in his evil, bloodshot eyes. "She is your cousin?"

"Yes—see, citizens, I'll tell you all the truth. In the old, bad days, before the great Sunrise, I knew this pretty aristocrat; she was, even as I say, my cousin, and I found her, as you see her now, a dainty piece! But the last time we met—long ago now—she flouted me, scorned me—because I had espoused the cause of the people—and my love for her turned to hatred! Now—now, things are changed! She appeals to me for help—to me, Roch Duperrier!"

"'Tis your turn then!" one of the women suggested, with a sneering laugh.

"My turn—yes—and you may be very sure that I shall take it!" Duperrier laughed again, long and boisterously, as though the prospect was sweet. "You've asked for help, my proud lady; well, you shall have it—at a price!"

"'Twas I who found her first—she's my prize," Fouron growled, thrusting forward his bull-like head aggressively.

"And who may you be?" Duperrier asked insolently.

"Me—I am Jeannot Fouron—butcher by trade, and, faith, I'm not ashamed of it! I've butchered to some purpose to-day!" He glanced, with an evil laugh, at his blood-stained garments. "And what's more, I'm as good a man as you, and I claim her!"

"I have the prior right—the right of a man who—hates her!" Duperrier answered, and beneath the seeming lightness of his tones was something steel-like, unyielding. "She's mine, I tell you."

As he spoke, the young man edged his way through the crowd and confronted Fouron at close quarters. Diane glanced from one man to the other despairingly, utterly overwhelmed by the result of her appeal. Fouron wheeled round to face the mob.

"Support *me*, citizens," he snarled. "Why, this fellow may be in league with her—he's an aristocrat himself!"

"The more reason why I should hate those who turned me off!" Duperrier cried fiercely. "The better tool, I, to wound

this proud beauty! I swear to be responsible for her safe-keeping—I'll answer for her person with my life. If she escapes, hold me to blame; but she will not do so! No, I'll keep her safe—as my wife!"

A low cry of amazed anger broke from Diane, but there was a buzz of excited approbation from the crowd. Here was a revenge which appealed to their sense of humour!

"Ha, ha—his wife! A fine idea that! And you'll make her work like a true woman of the people, eh, Citizen Duperrier? Ask us all to the wedding—yes, yes. Let it be soon—to-day! A true Republican wedding! We'll fetch the sectional magistrate—he shall marry you now—within an hour! Come, citizens, here's sport!"

The idea, once suggested, ran like a spark through the crowd. Laughing in fierce good-humour, they crowded round Duperrier and Diane. And Duperrier laughed back.

"A good idea, truly—no time like the present, eh? Yes, my friends, fetch the officials by all means; meanwhile, I and my bride-to-be will await you at my rooms—they're close at hand. Come, my beautiful cousin"—he turned to Diane—"tis no great distance for your delicate feet to travel—or shall I carry you!"

He laughed scornfully, and the mob caught up the suggestion.

"Ay, we'll carry her—we'll carry you both!" they shouted, and surged round the man and girl, completely submerging and extinguishing the still-grumbling Fouron. The men lifted Duperrier shoulder-high, the women did the like with Diane, and the two were borne thus, half-way down the street, to the house where Duperrier lodged.

Diane submitted in cold, dull despair; resistance was so utterly useless.

Amidst the jests of the crowd, Duperrier opened the door and drew the girl within. The mob surged away, shouting that they would return very shortly, and Diane, moving stiffly and mechanically, passed into a small and extremely plainly furnished room.

Across a writing-table, littered with papers and books, Roch Duperrier faced his prisoner. An entire change had come over the man. The sneer had left his lips, and the mocking glance had gone from his eyes. He spoke quietly, in level, steady tones.

"I must ask your pardon for my be-

## THE QUIVER

haviour, Mademoiselle St. Amory—but it was necessary. It served its purpose, and I could see no other way to help you."

"I—I do not understand—" Diane clasped her hands together convulsively, her eyes fixed on Duperrier's grave face.

"I had to pretend violence in order to save you. I have a plan for your safety, and it was necessary to cover it. But now we must waste no more time—it will not be long before they return."

He went hastily into an inner room. Through the open door Diane could see him spreading various garments upon the low camp bed. In a few moments he returned, and stood aside for Diane to pass.

"I must ask you to dress yourself in this suit of mine as quickly as possible," he said. "In the dark, you'll pass for me—you remember how we used to trace a family likeness—in the old days." He paused, then went on quickly. "Wearing my cloak, and with my papers in your pocket, you should have no difficulty in leaving Paris, even after dark. There will be great confusion at the barriers to-night, and I feel sure that they will allow you to pass—in my person."

"And—you?" Diane asked.

"Oh, I! I shall be here—in my own person, too! We shall not be seen together, so what matters the twinship!"

"But—what will they do to you?"

"Why—nothing!" He shrugged his shoulders. "As you've seen, I can manage the crowd; faith, I've had experience!"

For an instant Diane stood motionless, and looked at him gravely. Then she went into the inner room, closing the door behind her, whilst Duperrier, seating himself upon the table-edge, stared before him, his face anxious and strained.

It cleared when the girl returned, after only a few minutes' absence, the superficial likeness between them marvellously increased by her disguise. Duperrier took some papers from his pocket, and handed them to her.

"Those will prove your identity and should carry you through," he said. "And now, take this cloak—pull down the hat over your forehead—so—that is right! You must go at once, there is not one minute to spare, so—good-bye and good luck!"

He went out into the narrow hall, opened the street door and listened for a moment; then motioned to the girl to hasten. Any

acute observer would have detected the nervous strain in his voice and manner. It seemed that Diane saw nothing, for she spoke without emotion, in the same level, toneless voice.

"Good-bye."

She said no more than that; she did not thank him, nor even touch his hand. Next moment she was gone, and Duperrier closed the door and returned to his room.

He seated himself at the writing-table, staring in front of him as before, but now the look of anxiety and expectation had left his face. His attitude and bearing were those of a man who merely waits for the inevitable to come to pass. A rather bitter smile crossed his face as he reflected upon the extreme ease with which his plan had worked. He had almost expected some slight opposition from Diane, a little reluctance to accept the sacrifice of his life.

Well, if he had convinced her, he was a better actor than he knew, or she even more heartless than he believed.

From far down the street came the sound of approaching voices, singing, shouting—the thud-thud of a drum. Duperrier raised his head to listen; yes—they were coming, his wedding guests! Well, they would find the bridegroom waiting—again that very bitter smile crossed Duperrier's face and passed, leaving it white and weary.

He rose and stood before the fireplace, smoothing down his waistcoat, shaking out his cambric ruffles; he must receive them adequately, these friends of his.

There was a quick, light step in the hall; the door opened, and Diane stood before him—Diane, with a strange light of excitement in her white face, and in her wide, dark eyes. Before Duperrier could find his voice, the girl spoke.

"I have come back. I only waited outside, until I heard them close at hand—until it was too late for you to send me away."

"Diane—Diane!" Duperrier's voice was hoarse and breathless. "What have you done! You must go at once—at once! Ah, Heavens, what madness this is!"

"I will not go," the girl said very quietly, almost reproachfully. "Could you ever have believed it of me? I—I thought that you would certainly guess. And yet—I do not know—I accepted the sacrifice of their lives from de Vauban and Antoine Hochmann, and I sent Sir Andrew from me



## THE TRICOLOUR COCKADE



"Diane—Diane—  
ah, my dear."

Drawn by  
Arch. Webb

willingly. They were my friends, my true and faithful friends, but—it was different. I could not leave *you* to die for my sake—I do not quite know why."

Duperrier drew in his breath sharply.

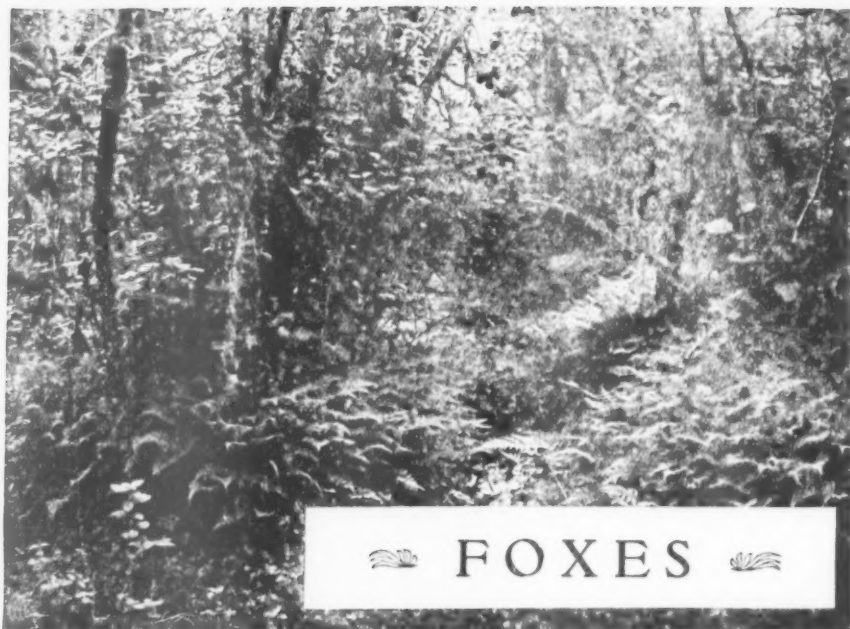
"Diane, you must go," he said. "Ah, do you not understand? Dear child, I shall be very glad to die. The Revolution—it has all become so different, since that first beautiful dawn. It is blood-stained now—a cruel, merciless monster—an idol unworthy of any man's worship. I can serve the Revolution no longer, and so—there is nothing left for me in life."

"Except—me." The words were almost inaudible, but in speaking them, Diane raised her eyes to those of the young man for the first time. And in those eyes Duperrier read the secret which Diane herself had only in these last moments guessed, the reason why she could not accept the sacrifice of his life.

"Diane—Diane—ah, my dear." He

caught her hands and raised them to his lips, then spoke again swiftly. "But you must go."

"If you are with me, Roch—otherwise, no!" For a moment she was again the Court lady, proud, peremptory. "In a very few minutes I will be ready—yes, even to the tricolour—for your sake I will wear even that!" Her fingers were busy with the cockade he gave her; she kept her eyes fixed upon it, as a soft flush rose in her cheeks. "And then, Roch, I can safely go with you, away from Paris, to the ends of the earth—anywhere. I can stay with you always—as your wife. We will be married in whatever fashion will please these one-time friends of yours, and then again in another fashion at the dwelling of an old priest whom I know. And—please, Roch—I am not doing this to save myself, nor even to save you. I have only one reason—the best reason in the world—Love!"



*Photo: F. R. Hinxley & Son.*

#### Studies in Wild Life

By FRANK BONNETT

**B**EFORE the war, fox-hunting was certainly one of the most familiar of British rural sports. It has been calculated, on good authority, that something like 40,000 mounted individuals took active part in the diversion every season, and there were probably half as many people who followed hounds regularly on foot. Yet how many were there in the kingdom—not excepting the 40,000 men and women who actually rode to hounds—who knew anything of the life-history of the creature that provided them with their sport?

It is a regrettable feature of modern sport that sportsmen study so little the ways of the birds and beasts that play the leading part in their amusements in the field. Our forefathers, one fancies, must have known a great deal more about these things, and of woodcraft in general, than the present generation, or they would never have been so successful in their undertakings at a period when facilities for the carrying on of field sports were so very much fewer than latterly.

However that may be, there can hardly be

any doubt that a closer study of the wild life of the creatures of this country, whether in connection with sport or not, would afford an immense amount of added enjoyment to the existence of all who possess the necessary opportunities.

Many a profitable and interesting hour may be spent in reading from life the story of the old fox and her family.

For the first month or so but little will be seen of the cubs, for until the youngsters are some four weeks old they will not venture to the mouth of the earth. Once her cubs have reached that age the vixen stays less at home, and by the time they are about five weeks old she leaves them altogether in the daytime. It is during the next few weeks that one's best opportunities for making the acquaintance of the vixen's family occur. Sometimes on a bright afternoon you may see them outside the earth at play, but the best times of all are early morning and about sunset. At such times, having concealed yourself behind some convenient shelter, taking care that the vixen shall neither see nor hear you, nor "wind" your

## FOXES

hiding-place, you may observe the whole family party together or the cubs alone at play.

Knowing that no one is likely to be about early in the morning, foxes are then less cautious than at other times, but you may get a very fair view of them even in the evening if you go carefully to work and take up your point of vantage at least half an hour before the sun goes down. Presently you will see the vixen come stealing through the bushes or across the meadow—for sometimes she prefers to make her nursery in a hollow tree in the open—and her cubs scrambling out of their retreat to welcome her. If she has food for them you will witness as amusing a "rough-and-tumble" to gain possession of it as you ever saw, and then, when the meal is finished, the vixen will trot off again and the cubs will spend the time till her return in games of hide-and-seek and other antics until they can play no longer.

Sometimes papa will make his appearance, but he never joins in the gambols of his family. He is a staid old fellow, with an anxious countenance that bears the stamp of life's reality. The vixen, too, displays

the greatest anxiety for the safety of her children, and often when she comes to the earth and finds them some distance away from its friendly shelter, she will give a low warning growl which sends the lot of them back to the nursery helter-skelter. It is her constant endeavour to teach caution to the frivolous youngsters, but the lessons that she gives are quickly forgotten.

Long after they have left the ancestral home the fox cubs, as a rule, keep company with their mother and with each other, though the more wayward members of the family will occasionally go off on long foraging excursions by themselves. It is a dangerous proceeding, and one that only too often ends in disaster, for little foxes cannot be expected to know the ways of this wicked world.

It has always been granted that the majority of small foxes begin life somewhere in the month of March, and exceptions to this rule are regarded as somewhat unusual. Recently, however, litters of fox cubs of exceptionally early birth have been reported from various parts of the country. The first of these irregular occurrences came to light on New Year's Day some few years ago,



In the Age of Innocence  
Young Foxes at Play.

Photo:  
C. Reid

## THE QUIVER

when the Suffolk Foxhounds were hunting in the neighbourhood of Plumton Wood. While they were running a fox, news came of a litter of cubs, two or three days old, having been discovered, and as it was feared the vixen was being hunted, hounds were promptly whipped off.

The report of this early litter—the cubs having evidently been born somewhere in the last week of December—led to some interesting correspondence in the *Field*, when some instances of other early cubs were brought to notice. One precocious youngster was reported from Hoddington, Lord Basing's seat at Upton Grey, in Hampshire. This cub was declared by competent authorities to be at least seven or eight weeks old on February 5th, which would mean that, in company with three little brothers or sisters, it first saw the light early in December.

Some years earlier a cub of the year was actually hunted in the Hambledon country at the beginning of April. This was one of a December litter bred in a barn on the borders of the Leigh Park estate. Even November cubs have been reported on one occasion, though since they were not discovered till Boxing Day it is possible that there may have been a mistake in calculating the age of them, which was put down at about six weeks at the time of finding. But even if they were then only a month old they must have been born before the beginning of December.

January fox cubs have been discovered before now on two or three occasions. Cases of this sort occurred some years ago in the West Kent and in the Heythrop countries, and a similar occurrence was reported from the Old Berkeley domains.

There seems to be no special reason for the appearance of these early cubs, except it be that some of the foxes imported to this country of recent years from the Continent may be predisposed to earlier breeding than the native race. Certain it is, at any rate, that one may search all the old records of the chase through and through and find no such occurrences reported. Mr. Tom Smith, the famous master of the Hambledon Foxhounds, laid it down that March 25th was the average date for fox cubs to be born, and stated it to be his belief that every litter in the country made its appearance within a month or so of that date.

Certainly he ought to have known, for no man ever studied the habits of foxes more closely than he.

In some parts of the country vixens have a habit of laying down their cubs above ground instead of in the usual "earth," in which case the cubs are known as "stub-bred" foxes. Sometimes the nursery may be situated in the stump of a tree, but occasionally the vixen will simply put down her cubs in a thick hedgerow with no sort of protection but the tangled undergrowth of bush and bramble.

It was in such a place as this that two cubs were found when they were but a day or two old. At that time they were blind and helpless, for, like puppies, fox cubs cannot see till some days after birth. What had become of their mother nobody knew. Perhaps she had met with an accident, for it seemed strange that she did not return to her family if still able to do so. At any rate, she did not appear, and fearing that the cubs might starve, or that some harm might come to them in so public and exposed a situation, the finder of these two baby foxes took them home in the hope that he might be able to rear them.

The problem of feeding the youngsters seemed rather a serious one. A baby's bottle was suggested, but the idea was abandoned in preference to a foster-mother of some sort if such could be found. Inquiries were made for a bitch with puppies, but in the limited time to spare none could be found. At length a cat, whose kittens had only been taken away that morning, was discovered, and the baby foxes were forthwith introduced to her tender care.

Whether she really believed the fox cubs to be her own family restored to her, or whether in her bereavement she was glad to adopt a family of any description, cannot be said, but the cat at once took to the little strangers and appeared to be delighted with them. The cubs, too grateful to find again someone who would look after them and provide for their wants—rested up to the cat as if she had been their own mother, and made themselves quite at home. Cat and cubs were placed in a box in a warm stable, and from the first all went well with the strangely assorted family.

The cubs grew up to be fine, strong, healthy foxes, and at six weeks old were given a "kennel" in the open air in the

for no  
es more

ms have  
s above  
earth."

"stub-  
ry may  
ee, but  
down  
no sort  
rgrowth

at two  
t a day  
e blind  
x cubs

What  
r knew.  
ent, for  
return  
At any  
ng that  
e harm  
and ex-  
ese two  
e hope

ngsters  
baby's  
ea was  
mother  
d. In-  
ppies,  
e could  
kittens  
orning,  
es were  
care.

ox cubs  
her, or  
as glad  
cannot  
ne little  
d with  
e find  
r them  
d up to  
mother.  
e. Cat  
a warm  
ell with

strong,  
d were  
in the



In Serious Mood :  
A Study of Young Foxes.

Photo :  
Miss Frances Pitt.

## THE QUIVER

decayed hollow of a large oak. Here they were fed for some time longer with various tit-bits such as foxes love, their diet consisting principally of chicken giblets, rabbits, mice, and rats. And at length, being quite able to fend for themselves, the now almost full-grown foxes were allowed to wander off into a neighbouring wood to lead the life of their wild-bred companions.

Cats are proverbially fond of making strange friendships, and of playing the part

the mouse as an addition to her depleted family circle. An inexplicable and unusual bond of sympathy seemed to exist between the cat and this particular mouse, the latter coming out of a cupboard when the cat mewed, and nestling up beside her, making itself quite at home in company with the kitten. The most extraordinary part of the tale is the assertion that the cat was a good mouser, and was killing other mice daily during the period of this curious



The Victim.

Photo C. Reid.

of foster-mother to creatures of a nature quite opposite to their own. Jesse relates several instances of the kind, one of the most curious being that of a spontaneous attachment between a cat and a young blackbird which had been given to poor grimalkin by way of solace for the drowning of her kittens. Instead of eating it, the cat at once took the blackbird under her wing, so to speak, and the ill-matched pair became inseparable companions.

Stranger still was the case of a cat who struck up a friendship with a mouse! A day or two before the strange incident was first noticed the cat had been deprived of all her kittens except one, and she apparently welcomed

friendship. But alas! there is a tragic end to the story. Another cat, possessing no power of discrimination between good mice and bad mice, got into the room during the absence of the kitten's mother, and the mouse running forward to greet what it foolishly for the moment mistook to be its feline friend, was greeted open-mouthed by the stranger, and instantly disappeared for ever.

Other cases of strange affection between an animal of one kind and the young of another have been known. A panther cub has been brought up by a dog deprived of her own family; and a cat, in the same predicament, has reared a litter of puppies. Verily fortune makes strange bedfellows!



# ORCHARD DAYS

Being the Letters of a Holiday Worker to her Friend in Town

By CONSTANCE CURRYER

I

*Somewhere in Lincolnshire,*

*June 21st.*

DEAR MATE,—How surprised you would have been three years ago to hear that I am on a fruit farm, and expect to be here for fourteen weeks, too! But nowadays nothing is unusual, and it seems the most natural thing in the world for me to be where I am. When the call to national service rang throughout the length and breadth of the land there was not an Englishwoman worthy of the name who did not ask herself in what way she could respond to that summons. You know how tied I am at home, and how impossible it is for me to give the whole of my time to definite war work. Well, I heard that the Women's National Land Service Corps (of course, you have seen the offices of the Corps in Upper Baker Street) was finding work for women during the holidays, so I called, discussed the question thoroughly, was appointed to a gang coming to work on a fruit farm, and—here I am!

"Here" is a tiny village in the south of Lincolnshire; more particularly it is in the kitchen (or as we have already rechristened it, "The Library") of the jolliest of little bungalows, built of brown and white wood. This has been set apart for our use; it is separated from the fruit-grower's big old house by a meadow and garden. There are three bedrooms, as well as the Library, a wash-house (our bathroom), and a pantry. Most of us sleep on chaff-stuffed mattresses on the floor; you only need to be filled with the delicious ache of a long day's work in the orchard to appreciate the comfort of such a bed. Some, indeed, sleep *à la belle étoile* in the meadow, and if their sleep is at times disturbed by the heavy breathing of a curious cow, or the hoot of an owl in the trees above, they are more than rewarded by that freshness and vigour which the open air alone can give, and by the benediction which pure skies and whis-

ing leaves shed on nerves strained by the roar of the city.

For all but one of our party come from London. There are fourteen of us, and with only one or two exceptions we were complete strangers to each other three days ago. You can imagine with what scarcely concealed curiosity we stared at one another over the dinner-table that night of our arrival!

There are almost as many types as members in our little party. Our "leader" has been overseer in a cartridge-making department at Woolwich. One has been a school teacher, another is an artist, some have but lately left school and college, one is a medical student. Two are married, and two more come from a quiet home life. So you see one brings experience, another skill, and another the buoyant spirit of youth; but I believe that we all share one unspoken resolve with which to face the unaccustomed work.

There is so much I should like to tell you, but dare not stay longer now, or I shall never be up in time for work to-morrow morning. Good-night!

II

*The Bungalow Library.*

*The End of June.*

AND why not call it a Library, when we have a neat row of books along the mantelshelf? They are just the right kind of books, too, for we were very careful to bring only those which were our most intimate friends, and would bring us rest and comfort at the end of the long day's toil. "The Open Road" is the general favourite; next to it on the shelf stands "The Spirit of Man," then two Stevensons, "The Earthly Paradise," "The Morte d'Arthur," and three or four novels. With books on the shelf, flowers in every vase, and postcards and sketches on the walls, we look very cheerful and home-like indeed.

## THE QUIVER

You say that in my last letter I did not mention my work once! I can assure you that is not because we do none—our poor backs and torn hands refuse to let us forget it. We are pulling gooseberries now, and shall continue to do so for the next fortnight. At first we were very slow, and earned hardly enough to keep ourselves, but now we are becoming quite expert, and are earning enough to hire our own piano! We wear old leather gloves, but although they are some protection they are soon torn to ribbons, and the thorns are very insistent! Oh, how our backs ache with the continual stooping! But I'm not meaning to grumble, mate. The compensations utterly outweigh the drawbacks. Just think of what it means to us, who have been "long in city pent," to be working out in the open all day long. I just draw in mighty breaths of this sweet, fresh air, and feel how good it is to be alive.

### III

*In the Meadow outside the Bungalow,  
A July Evening.*

**D**O you know what it is to have a thoroughly healthy hunter's appetite, mate? We do, I can assure you. We are now pulling raspberries, and that means that we must be down in the orchard by half-past five. It is not at all bad really when you have once made up your mind to early hours, and it is fascinating to walk along the road while the moon is still bright, and familiar fields and trees loom strangely through the mist.

Our breakfast these days is brought down to us at the orchard, and we almost always eat our lunch by the roadside in front of an old barn. You cannot imagine the joy of the rest we have for that short half hour at midday, stretched full length on the grass asleep, or gazing up at the shining sky, where the clouds drift like ever-changing dreams, or a seagull flashes by, a gleam of white against the blue.

You would appreciate the humorous side there is to these out-of-door meals, mate. We take it in turns to have "fag-days," when two partners are responsible for tidying the bungalow, bringing down and setting ready the meals, lighting a fire when one is needed, boiling the water, washing up, etc.

Woe to those who draw over near to a "fag" on the day of her labours, particularly if someone has abstracted the only knife from the basket before setting out, and the loaf has to be carved by the foreman's penknife!

There is a persistent cock who causes us daily amusement by his ravages on the cream cheese and cakes, overturning our precious coffee and leaping into meat patties in his wild flight when chased.

Then there are the quaint talks with our friend the old road-man, who carefully sweeps the piece of road between our bungalow and the orchard in time to meet us as we come and go each day. Long conversations we have as he leans upon his broom while we work. He is picturesque in his broad felt hat, his rolled-up white shirt-sleeves, and his coat tied across his shoulders by the arms, and he is not wholly unconscious of the fine figure he is yet, with his sunburnt cheeks and arms, his twinkling blue eyes half hidden in good-humoured wrinkles, and his white hair and beard.

Oh, mate, what a good, joyous life this is! It is great to learn more and more the friendship of wind, trees, flowers and birds, and of these men and women of the countryside.

So you are amused by the snap-shots I sent you, mate? Yes, I suppose we do look quaint; but then we are comfortable, and our clothing is the most sensible for this kind of work, as even the villagers have come to believe now. At first, as you can imagine, our appearance caused some criticism, but wonder and ridicule have passed into admiration, and finally into envy. Women whose long skirts, dragged with dew and rain, and catching on every twig and thorn, hinder them at every point, have come to realise the value of skirts cut to the knee, of short overalls, stout waterproof leggings, and thick boots. But do not imagine that we have lost all feminine sense of dress. We change into daintier and more conventional dress before going over to the house for dinner at the end of the day's work.

I am sending you a photograph of ourselves putting tin handles on the baskets ready for the raspberries. When that is done we store the baskets in the empty barn, and the uninitiated would never dream what

ear to a  
particu-  
he only  
ing out,  
the fore-

causes us  
on the  
ing our  
eat pat-

with our  
carefully  
our bun-  
meet us  
ing con-  
pon his  
uresque  
p white  
ross his  
wholly  
is yet,  
us, his  
n good-  
air and

this is!  
ore the  
l birds,  
country-

shots I  
do look  
le, and  
for this  
s have  
on can  
me cri-  
passed  
envy,  
d with  
y twig  
t, have  
to the  
erproof  
do not  
e sense  
d more  
ver to  
e day's

of our-  
baskets  
is done  
n, and  
n what



"We almost always eat our  
lunch by the roadside."

Drawn by  
Elizabeth Earnshaw.

## THE QUIVER

skill it takes to pack them all up securely. The worst part of this work is its "sameness," but the monotony is relieved by the interest to be found in the rest of the party. In a more conventional life it is not always easy to escape loneliness, even among crowds, but this seems to be the atmosphere in which friendships grow and blossom most naturally. With all their toil and fatigue, the longest days seem to me to pass too quickly.

Did I tell you that while we were waiting for the raspberries to ripen we did some hoeing and weeding? I don't think I wrote many letters that week! The ground was so hard and dry, the weeds so strong, and the heat so fierce that we were all tired out by the end of the evening. I have developed an undying antipathy to nettles, mate. Never tell me what good qualities they have. They are nasty, deceitful, bad-tempered things. I have no such unfriendly feelings for that troublesome fellow the purple vetch, which twists and twines all over the orchard; I love the rich splashes of colour it gives to the thorny old gooseberry bushes.

I cannot say that I am sorry that our hoeing and weeding are over for the present, although there certainly is some satisfaction in feeling that you are becoming an expert with the hoe and can extract weeds with more skill and less damage than when in the first clumsy energy of your onslaught a row of broken raspberry shoots marked your path! The foreman's skill is even now our envy and our despair.

### IV

*On the Haystack in the Field,  
An Evening in September.*

**D**O you know the old poplars at home, mate? I am determined on my return to build myself a nest among the topmost branches, and to dwell there. Since we

began plum-pulling I have spent most of my days aloft, and it would seem so safe and monotonous to live on terra-firma once again!

Our plum harvest is splendid this year; the trees are simply bowed down with the masses of fruit, and we are kept busy until it is too dark to distinguish plum from leaf.

It is most exciting work. We have tall step-ladders, some of them with platforms on the top, and we use crooks to reach the highest and most elusive plums. It is strange when there is a strong wind blowing and the trees toss their arms angrily all around you, as if they resented your daring robbery.

If you take the trouble to look down you can see the flat country stretching for miles and miles, orchard after orchard, field after field, where tiny horses draw toy reaping machines over the wheat.

Oh, mate, this is the last letter I shall write to you from here! To-morrow I go back to the City. But how different I feel from when I came! It seems impossible that it should have made such a difference! I never have been in such splendid health as I have enjoyed throughout my time on this fruit-farm, and I feel ready to face any work.

Don't forget to meet me at the station. You probably will not recognise me at first, for I am as brown as an Indian; but I will beam very broadly the moment I see you, and persist in smiling until you do know me!

In a little while now I shall be at home again; it will be good to come back, but I have loved my holiday work here. I know well that if an adventurer had found that wonderful city of El Dorado which they sought so persistently in the old times, he would have been less rich than this experience has made me in health and sweet content.



# SUPERFLUITIES – VIRTUOUS AND OTHERWISE

By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

## No. 2.—The Tyranny of Clothes

IN these days one hears much of the necessities of life. Indeed, every ounce of force and efficiency we can, as a nation, muster is of value; yet, when one comes to think of it, how much time and energy we waste, each one of us, in absolutely unnecessary superfluities! Often, too, not from any personal inclination, but purely out of regard to the great obsession, "*What will people say?*"

Think only of the tyranny of clothes.

### Superfluous and Impracticable

Clothes, in our inmost hearts, we most of us despise; or, to put it more exactly, consider rather a bore. Yet, even more than in our submission to an over-abundant code of cleanliness, are we, all our lives long, bent under the yoke of superfluous and impracticable clothing. Where one garment would serve the purpose we wear six; when one fashion is simple and sensible, directly another, which is cumbersome and complicated, comes in we adopt it. In this women are the most to blame, but men, despite their own conviction to the contrary, are not wholly without fault. The times in which we live are forcing us to discover that many things which we always considered wearisome necessities are indeed superfluities—superfluities that may quite easily and comfortably be done away with. And the unnecessary time we spend in buying clothes, putting on and taking off clothes, mending clothes, and hating clothes, takes some considering. For in the future somehow, by one means or another, we shall have to learn thoroughly the great lesson of economy in time and energy.

It is a shibboleth that fripperies are dear to the feminine soul. As a matter of fact, two out of every three feminine souls would willingly—nay, gladly—do without them. There is, of course, the type of woman who cannot move unless accompanied by:

One fur stole,  
One muff.  
One *crêpe de Chine* scarf.  
One large bag.  
Two small bags.  
One silver chain purse.  
One dog.  
One parasol.

Such minor mysteries as powder puff, hand mirror, cigarette case, and their kin.

It is always to me, personally, a matter of intense admiration as to how she manages them all. Yet, in truth, such powers of control might be better employed.

Then there is the woman who really studies dress as an art and has the time and money to indulge her talent. She certainly, anyhow in more normal times, gives beauty to the world, so should not be disdained; but most of us, the ordinary rank and file, long ardently for the era of simpler fashions.

### Beauty—Art—Utility

One must look at the question all round. We cannot do without clothes—in sunnier climes perhaps, but not in a country where everything disagreeable in the way of weather can apparently be coined at will—frequently, it seems, by an ill will! Clothes firstly then are for warmth and protection. But that is not all. The striving after beauty is ingrained in human nature, and personal adornment is one great means towards this end. Nothing that is really beautiful is useless, and even the dullest soul must own that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The point is, what is a thing of beauty and how far one can be justified in wasting valuable energies in cultivating the beautiful. A child's cotton smock may be as pleasing to the eye as a Paris model; in fact, more so, because it has in it more of Nature as against Art. For, while Art is beautiful, Nature is more

## THE QUIVER

so. Dull, ugly clothes are certainly depressing. No one who has lived in Germany and studied the usual toilets of the German women can deny this. And one cannot entirely discount this influence.

I remember two girls I knew at school. They were not dressed in sackcloth, as sackcloth cannot presumably be bought by the yard as dress material, but the frocks they always wore closely resembled it. Their mother believed in utility before everything, and certainly their garments never looked older and dirtier after they had been worn for months than they did the first day they were put on. And the children themselves seemed to reflect this utter drabness of exterior. They were dull, timid, and consciously or subconsciously aware that they were unlike all their schoolmates. In consequence, or so I firmly believe, they have grown up dull, timid, and utterly uninteresting.

### A Confusion of Thought

So much, then, for the influence of clothes. But where we go wrong is that we confuse beauty with ornate elaboration and expense, follow blindly in the wake of fashion wherever it may lead, suffer untold discomforts simply because we have not the pluck to stand out against them. Human beings are supposedly sane, and yet when one looks round at all the absurd and even harmful fashions in clothes we endure and have endured, one is almost inclined to doubt it. Even now, although more sensible ideas are beginning to prevail, babies have their limbs unwholesomely confined, while at one time the social standing of the mother might be accurately gauged by the length of her infant's robes. Swaddling clothes still are the custom in some countries. In Holland I have seen women bicycling in six or seven petticoats (the effect was ludicrous), and here in England within the past ten years we have, to quote but a few examples:—

(1) Worn skirts so tight that we could hardly walk, much less run, while to climb a stile was a physical impossibility.

(2) Suffered collars so high that we were stifled for breath or collars so low that we ran the risk of pneumonia.

(3) Put up with the *matinée* hat, which effectually blocked the view of everyone within range; the cast-iron hat (at least,

so it felt to the unfortunate wearer); the hat that had to be balanced at a certain angle and worn only on a perfectly windless day or catastrophe resulted; and many another ridiculous and impracticable form of headgear. And although men consider they are vastly superior to women in respect of sensible outer wear as regards hats, it is hardly possible to imagine two uglier or more unhealthy specimens than the top hat and the bowler. I defy anyone, even the most good-looking male, to look anything but plain when wearing a bowler hat.

### Wasted Time

Then, quite apart from the actual discomforts, which means the using up of any amount of valuable nervous energy, we endure in following absurd fashions, there is the time we waste each day in putting on and taking off our numerous outer coverings. When one realises that most people could dispense, without suffering in any way, with quite half the garments they usually consider indispensable, it is equally clear that the time wasted in getting in and out of the same superfluous clothes must be enormous. We all, with the exception of some few aggressively virtuous souls, hate getting up in winter. Why? Because it is cold and the prolonged operation of dressing is extremely unpleasant. We all of us wish many times in our lives that we could be in bed without the trouble of getting there. This for the same reason in inverse ratio. We think of the buttons, hooks, and tapes (which invariably seem in knots) to be undone, and all the complicated business of "going to bed." One girl I know invariably throws all her clothes in a heap upon the floor. The floor is clean, she says, and she has never forgotten having in her childhood's days been forced by a strict nurse to fold up each garment every night and unfold it with equal care some eight hours later. Even then it always struck her as being a great waste of time.

There is, too, another aspect. A few summers ago a man and his wife whom I knew went away for a holiday by themselves. They came home a week sooner than they were expected, and there seemed some mystery as to their change of plan. The hotel was comfortable, weather excellent, golf links without reproach. Finally the true reason came out.



## SUPERFLUITIES—VIRTUOUS AND OTHERWISE

"Hang it all! it was Edith's dresses," said the husband, in a burst of confidence. "I had to fasten them for dinner every night. The black satin was not so bad; if I'd time I could manage that all right; but the pink silk was worse than a jig-saw, and as for that net thing"—he warned to his subject—"I came out in a perspiration at the very sight of it. We'll never go away again without a maid or one of the girls."

Men, indeed, in this respect are far more sensible. They would not put up with a tailor who seemed to take a fiendish delight in contriving fastenings where it was apparently impossible any fastenings should be, and pockets that were for appearance only, or in a place almost out of the unfortunate wearer's reach. Men, too, are always very scathing in their judgments on women's dress. But—and the "but" is a big one—they do not live up to their professed convictions. A woman dressed as, from his own words, the average man would have her dressed, would have a neat but serviceable hat (something resembling the old-fashioned sailor or pork-pie type). She would wear stout boots (square-toed, of course), thick stockings, a coat and skirt severely plain, woollen or brown kid gloves, and invariably carry an umbrella. Then, when his wife, sister, or daughter was completely garbed in such useful attire, the average man would almost faint from horror at the sight of her. And this only points the truth that while utility is to be desired ugliness is not.

### Taste with Simplicity

It is, however, as a rule perfectly easy to combine taste in dress with simplicity. That is, if fashion and convention will permit us. The war has done away with many false standards, and none more decidedly than that of dress. The clothes of both men and women are at the present time simpler and yet more becoming than they have ever been before. We have not nowadays the time to bother with unnecessary things. We wear gloves for protection only, not for show; we no longer consider it necessary to put on a hat and coat just to cross the road, and we do not, having better things to do, spend half our days in studying the drapers' windows.

I remember a daily maid a friend of mine once employed. She lived in the village

only about five minutes' walk away. Yet she arrived each morning always completely dressed in smart frock, coat, hat, boots, and gloves. Immediately on reaching the house she changed into her working dress, but this she always took off before going home in the middle of the day. In the afternoon she came back, once more made an entire change, and the same thing took place before she went home at night, while even if she were sent to the post, just across the road, she insisted upon putting on her hat, coat—and her gloves! Finally, my friend dispensed with her services.

### The Iron Yoke of Convention

This story, although it may sound an exaggerated illustration, is true. And when we come to think of it we are most of us, if in a different way, almost as silly. The average City man would rather die than go to town in a cap and knickerbockers, while he carries an umbrella with the barometer standing at "very dry." The average woman will put herself to untold discomfort simply because she thinks it is the correct thing to do so; and, although the war has for the time being put a great check on such futile following of convention, later on, if we are not careful, it will return in full force.

There is no use in one or two isolated people vowing they will not be affected by the vagaries of fashion, or waste their time in putting on superfluous clothes. In result they would only find themselves conspicuous or dowdy. But if everyone would firmly determine only to follow such fashions as were reasonably simple, not to wear two or three garments where one would serve the purpose, and to insist that everything in the way of clothes was easy to put on and take off, the battle would be won. For it is not a fact, as is sometimes argued, that public opinion is powerless. To take an example. This year one or two fashions, both expensive and complicated, were designed by the powers that be; but they have never become at all general simply because people would have nothing to do with them.

Fashions must change—it is inevitable—and change is good for everyone. But there is no reason whatsoever why it should not be change within the bounds of reason. Let us then in the future firmly resolve that we will have only such clothes as are necessary, comfortable, and healthy.

# ALAN BRECK, BOY SCOUT

By

ISABEL CAMERON

"PLEASE, could you sell us a dozen growing plants?"

I looked up from the flower-bed I was weeding, to meet the anxious eyes of two boy scouts. They were armed to the teeth with all sorts of fearsome-looking things, and both carried poles. The smaller of the two, a little chap of about fourteen or so, repeated his question, adding, "We'll pay you whatever you like to ask," in proof of which magnificence he drew forth a lean little black purse.

"But I don't sell plants," I said; "this isn't a nursery, you know." Then, fearing I had hurt their feelings, I added, "But I'll give you some plants, if you'll tell me what kind you want."

"We're going to start a garden"—the smaller boy was still the spokesman—"and we thought if we got some good growing plants we might try for the Scouts' Gardeners' badge."

"How long are you going to be here?" I asked, and the question was not asked merely to gain time, as one might suppose. A month was the usual time for the scouts to stay, and to win a badge for gardening in one short month seemed a little too much, even for the splendid optimism of a boy scout!

"We're to be here for three months," replied the boy; "and there's plenty of room for a garden at the coastguards'." He pointed to the bleak, whitewashed, barrack-like place perched on the edge of the cliffs. "The coastguard knows all about gardening. He can dig!" Then he added with an air of almost insolent triumph, "We've two window-boxes, too."

"We've never had a garden." It was the second scout who spoke, and there was a touch of wistfulness in his voice which moved me to pity. Every child is possessed, at some time or other, with a passion for a garden. 'Tis a craze old as the world!

I invited the boys to have a walk round the back garden, where all the choicest

flowers grow, so that we might discuss the matter thoroughly. They won my heart by their undisguised admiration for all they saw. Next to praising a woman's children she values praising her garden!

"Sit down, boys," I said, pointing to the seat beside the plum-tree. "First, though, you might tell me your names."

"Mine's Alec Black," said the small (and cocky) scout. "His is David Beaton."

"David Balfour, you mean—of the House of Shaws," I cried, and, to my delight, the eyes of the taller boy met mine with fullest understanding. The name fitted him so well too! He knew his R. L. S., and as I looked at him I quoted, "A tall, strong lad of about eighteen—speaks like a Lowlander, and had no beard."

"He's hardly fourteen," Alec corrected. "I'm older than him, and it's time enough yet for him to think of his whiskers."

"Your name, of course, is Alan Breck," I said, and David laughed. I liked that boy from the first; he was so understanding.

Alec Black, now, it was plain to see, hadn't a notion who Alan Breck was, and he was inclined to be offended with us for alluding to such a little-known character.

"I don't spend much time reading the papers," he said; "we scouts have our hands pretty full just now."

Having thus rebuked unseemly levity, he cast an appraising look at a bed of chrysanthemums.

"These look good growing plants" (he seemed to think the phrase a good one). "Could we—?"

"I am afraid this is hardly the time to transplant chrysanthemums." I tried to say it as kindly as I could. It's so horrid to be continually damping young folk's ardour! "Tell me what all those things on your sleeve are for."

Alan Breck straightened himself proudly. He had been inclined to droop a moment before. "This," he said, pointing to what looked like a glorified toasting fork, "is

## ALAN BRECK, BOY SCOUT

my cook's badge. This other one is my fireman's badge—I know all about fires," he added, with simple magnificence. "Davy had the housework badge. Show it, Dave."

Somewhat shyly did David, when thus prompted, point to a curious device on his khaki sleeve. The three emblems, he explained, were a broom, a shovel, and a dust-pan. I was glad to know this; in my ignorance I had imagined they were the Prince of Wales' feathers (which just shows you!).

"So if we can set a garden a-going," went on Alan, who had an engaging way of sticking to his point, and who referred to a garden as if it were a fire, "we could try for the gardeners' badge."

His ignorance about gardens was something appalling—poor boy! He wanted the silliest things, too—carnations, and rhubarb, and an apple tree! Davy sat silent; but Davy's silence was never stupid: you could feel that.

"Look here, boys," I said at last, "seeing these are war-times, how would it do to sow vegetables in your garden—mustard and cress, and lettuce? These would be simple and easily grown. Then I could give you seedlings for your window-boxes and you could try the 'flower box' competition at the flower show in August."

I saw them exchange delighted glances.

"We haven't to go till the beginning of September." It was Davy who spoke, with shy delight. "Do you think there would be time?"

"Yes, plenty," I replied, leading the way to a sunny corner of the garden where little baby things are tended and petted till they are strong. Here were boxes of Eckford sweet peas at various stages of development, and, after a careful examination and much excellent advice from Alan, we selected a dozen "good growing plants" for each boy. Because I liked Davy best I gave him a baker's dozen, hoping that my weakness would escape the sharp eyes of Alan Breck—a point upon which I was afterwards to find my mistake.

Out of the tool-house we got vegetable seeds, and it was two very happy warriors who hurried off to "start their garden." I urged them to stay and toy with a bun, but they wouldn't wait, which was a very convincing proof of their earnestness.

Back to the coastguards' station they

raced. All honour to Alan Breck, though—at the gate he suddenly stopped and came running back. Lugging out that wretched little purse, he panted, "I haven't paid you yet. Please, how much?"

"Oh, Alan Breck," I cried, "I'm surprised at you! Tell me how does your garden grow—that's all the pay I want."

He gave me a charming salute. I wish someone would tell me what does a woman do when she's saluted. I wanted, like Catriona, to drop him one of my curtsies, "which are extraordinarily taking," but there was a certain sternness in Alan's eye which forbade any frivolity.

True to their bargain, they often came to give me reports of their garden, and when the seeds lifted brave, green heads I was invited to see them. And the window-boxes! Never did mother watch over a delicate baby with more anxious care. Alan's box was certainly the more advanced—a fact which he seemed to think was entirely his own doing, until I, somewhat cruelly, pointed out to him that he had the sunnier window. Poor Davy's window was at the back of the house, facing the north.

You remember how much rain we had last summer? June wept itself into July, and July wept itself into August. I was away for a week or two, and when I returned and was making an inspection of the garden—and how the weeds had grown!—I was surprised to see Dr. Morton pass by on his way to the coastguards' station.

"I don't remember a summer when I was so busy," he said in reply to my greeting. "That boy scout is very ill to-day. He has been getting wettings and not taking proper care of himself."

"Not—not David?" I asked.

"Yes, just David; and a capital nurse the other little chap has been—what's his name? I forget."

"Alan Breck," I answered absently.

"No, no; I mean Alec Black."

"Hum!" said the doctor. "Are you feeling the better of your holiday?"

I was greatly distressed by this news, and as soon as Dr. Morton's visit was over I went to see the boy. I noticed, as I passed into the house, that the vegetable beds looked untidy and unkempt—and the window-boxes had vanished altogether. Sad, wasn't it? But Alan's face was

## THE QUIVER

sadder far, and the child looked thin and worried.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a little better," he answered. "He's sleeping just now."

"But you," I said. "How are you?"

He raised his eyebrows. "It's Davy that's ill," he said patiently.

Alan always regarded me as a lunatic—harmless, but daft! I followed him into the room where the sick boy lay, and the first thing I noticed was a box of sweet peas—a perfect blaze of beauty.

"I took his box in to please him," Alan explained. "He—he raves a lot—an'—an' it's all about his sweet peas."

The boy in the little bare bed was Davy—but such a changed Davy! Even at that hour (it was early afternoon) his eyes were fever-bright, and his pulse was racing. He didn't know me; but he turned eagerly and said, "I must get my box into the sunshine. She said so, and he"—he frowned angrily—"he collared the best window."

"But I gave you my window," Alan answered. "Don't you remember, Davy? And look how bonnie your box is!" It was pathetic to hear the boy.

There was no answering or understanding look in poor Davy's face to-day. Continents separated those two who had once been friends.

"And where is your box, Alan?" I asked, to tide over an uncomfortable situation.

"It's—it's round—at the back," he faltered. "It—it didn't get on very well, after all. I think I watered it too much."

"Well, Davy's box should get a prize," I said. "It has flourished!"

"Yes," he said, dully. All the cockiness and jauntiness had gone out of Alan Breck! Oddly enough, I found myself longing for the old conceited Alan.

He was thankful to go and lie down while I took care of the invalid. Davy seemed to sleep again, but as the evening wore on he got restless, and presently he began to rave. It seemed he and Alan had quarrelled, and because "to be wroth with those we love doth work like madness in the brain," the boy's ravings were all about this madness. The window-boxes, too, had had their share in the quarrel. The wet weather hadn't helped matters, and the boys, uncomfortable in mind and body, had been having a perfectly wretched time of it. Then Davy

fell ill. At first he was too proud to confess it—it was not till he was unable to rise from his bed that Alan realised that it was illness, not temper, which made Davy so miserable. Then his wrath evaporated, and he nursed his friend night and day. The pity of it was, Davy did not know this, and kept saying all the unkind things he had been thinking. What Alan bore during those dark days no one knows. Like the hero he was, he endured it with almost pathetic patience.

It was from Dr. Morton I got these particulars when he called later on, and he arranged that next morning, if Davy's temperature were down, he would take the boy to my house to be nursed.

All through that long night it was sad to hear how Davy raved about his flower-box. How I wished I had never given them the plants at all.

"Davy," I said desperately, when for the hundredth time he wailed out, "She said it must get more sunshine," "Davy, look at your box, boy! It's lovely! It's sure to get a prize. Every plant is blooming—the whole thirteen of them." Then—why I did it I never could tell—I counted the plants, and for an instant I was glad Davy was raving—for there were *only twelve sweet peas*—not thirteen!

Next morning, thank God! the boy wakened clear-headed; weak as a baby, but quite himself. The doctor managed the removal splendidly, and, fearing Alan might be lonely, I asked him to come too. For which suggestion I was sharply rebuked by Alan Breck! He informed me he was on military duty, and dared not leave his post; also that another scout was coming to take Davy's place; and I gathered that, all things considered, I had better not encroach upon his valuable time. One never knew the minute a German submarine might come sneaking into the bay—then where would we be?

He came every day to ask for Davy, but the queer thing was that neither boy ever asked to see the other; neither did either so much as mention the word "window-box."

The last week of August is Flower Show Week in our village, and now that my invalid was able to sit in the garden, I felt I could leave him for a little, while I went to have a look at the show.



“But I don’t sell  
plants,” I said — p. 914.

Drawn by  
Harold Copping.

## THE QUIVER

A jaunty-looking boy scout, armed with all sorts of contraptions, was standing at the hall door, looking anxiously for someone.

"Why, Alan Breck!" I cried, heedless of impending snubs, "have you sent in the window-boxes?"

"Has—has Davy come?" he replied in true Scots fashion.

Did I imagine it—or was there a look of relief on his face as I said, "No."

"His box has got first prize," he announced, looking firmly at something over my head.

"How splendid!" I cried. "But what about yours, Alan?"

"Davy's got first prize," he repeated as if he were saying a lesson. He piloted me to the sweet-pea corner, and there, sure enough, a perfect blaze of colour, stood the box, with the magic words "First Prize" on it, in fat, important-looking letters.

The prize was ten shillings, and I felt I must run home to tell Davy how rich he was. Why didn't I, then? Why did I linger just long enough to count the plants? Alan caught me doing it, and his face suddenly grew white and pinched-looking.

"Alan," I said, "it's—it's—your—"

"Hush!" he whispered desperately. "Don't even say it! I like Davy better than any old prize. I'll explain—"

I laughed. I had to—else should I certainly have cried and disgraced Alan Breck, which would have been frightfully mortifying.

"You'll come and explain to Davy, then?" I pleaded. "You must, Alan."

He nodded, rather grimly, and together we went back to the garden where our friendship had begun. There on the plum-tree seat I left my scouts, to make it up in their own fashion. And He, Who first planted a garden and walked in it in the cool of the day, was the only Presence there when Alan Breck "explained." What that explanation was I do not think matters, except to that Silent Listener. When, later on, I went to summon them to tea, they were discussing—*aeroplanes*!—as I'm a living woman! Yet one could sense that the undercurrent of their thinking was glad with the gladness that comes after pain.

That night, as I was saying "Good night" to Davy Balfour, of the House of Shaws, he asked me with a great air of mystery if I knew the price of wristlet watches. "You see, Alec wants to be an airman, and one must have a good watch. Could you get one for ten shillings? Alec is such a decent chap! He nursed me like my mother."

This was a wonderfully long speech for Davy, and I knew the boy was touched to the depths of his being.

Afterwards, thinking over it all, I was reminded of another David of an older civilisation, whose life had been enriched with just such a friendship. Was there not, in the spirit, if not in the words, the same appreciation of that selfless love?—"Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan. Thy love to me was wonderful—passing the love of women."



## MY AMBITION

I LONGED for beauty, for a matchless form,

Dower of red lips, bright eyes, and wondrous hair,

That I might set the world agaze, to cry,

"How she was fair!"

I longed for fame, for laurels on my brow,

The powers and pleasures of a high estate,

That all who saw my glory should confess,

"How she was great!"

I longed for courage, heart for facing odds,

The power to suffer and the strength to save,

That men, with bated breath, might say of me,

"How she was brave!"

I have no courage, am not great or fair,

But with the strength of heart and will and mind,

Labour and laugh and love, that they shall say,

"How she was kind!"

MARIAN WOOD.





### The Price of *The Quiver*

IT is with great regret that we have found it necessary again to increase the price of our magazine. I was hoping against hope that this would not be necessary. In spite of the submarine menace we have been able, fortunately, to secure another consignment of paper, which should carry us through for the time being. But the exorbitant cost of this new paper (about three times the normal) and the increased printing charges all round leave us no option but to add another penny to the price of the magazine. I should like to say that the additions we have made to the price do not anything like meet the extra cost of the paper and printing. The publishers have been content to make sacrifices to ensure the continuity of our magazine; and I appeal to my readers to continue their kind support, and keep the record of *THE QUIVER* sound through this most troublous period of our history. Needless to say, this increase is only temporary, and the price will be lowered as soon as the cost of paper allows.



### In a Munitions Factory

IT is curious how one's vague, uninstructed idea of a thing is sometimes miles away from reality. Take munitions factories, for instance. Until a little while ago I somehow conceived of these modern mushrooms of the war as temporary one-storey hutlike buildings, hastily improvised for their immediate purpose, with some possible chance after the war of being adapted to some more permanent service. The other day I had the good fortune to inspect a modern munitions factory, and it goes without saying that my ideas on the subject have vastly changed.

### Not on the Map

IT is not necessary for me to name the "controlled" establishment I visited. You would certainly find no trace of it on any ordnance survey map, as before 1915 rural peace reigned. Now there are great blocks of buildings, five storeys high—built to last—with railway connections, light railways, etc. Surrounding it is a village, built on modern garden-city plans—not wooden huts, but proper streets and houses, put up to last their ninety-nine years and more. We pass the lynx-eyed police officer at the gate, and our ears are assailed by the clang of giant hammers splitting and shaping huge pieces of red-hot metal. Here men and women are at work on parts of an aeroplane; in yonder building machine-guns are being turned out by the hundred; farther away shells are being manufactured. Here and there daintily overalled women are strolling along from one building to another; men are driving wagons of metal along the miniature railways; you are conscious of a busy hive of human activity: work without haste or fuss, but going on as if for ever.



### A Giant Mushroom

AN engineering factory is more interesting to visit than to describe, but a few impressions should be of value. Here is a giant factory employing, I suppose, something like twenty thousand work-people. It is built thoroughly, in the latest style, equipped with the newest and best machinery. At present it is engaged solely on Government work of all descriptions, but it is just as capable of turning out a sewing-machine as a Maxim gun. The energy of war has put it up in record time and without stint of money, but when the war is over it remains—a permanent

## THE QUIVER

asset to the country, all ready to take its part in the gigantic forward move of industry that will be associated with the reconstruction period.



### The Human Element

**M**ACHINERY is not everything. The human element, I should think, presents more problems than those of material. There is no doubt that the work is often monotonous, and the hours of labour long. The workers are exceedingly varied, of many nationalities and different temperaments. The presence of women in the factory adds complications to the situation; everywhere is the need for statesmanship. But I was pleased with the type of overseer that seemed to predominate. The old type of nigger-driver appears to be passing, and in its place the need of a man who understands human nature seems to be more and more realised.



### Some Lessons

**T**HIS strenuous war-work will have taught us some valuable lessons. Take Sunday work, for instance. Earnest Sabbatarians were greatly distressed when Sunday work was introduced into the war factories. For myself, I think that it was well that it should be tried. Here, on a giant scale, the experiment has been made, and it has been proved, without the shadow of a doubt, that Sunday work is a failure, that men cannot continuously work seven days a week. For all time hereafter the results of this experiment will be patent to all; the war will have secured the Sabbath for the workers of the future.



### A Hopeful Sign

**I** HOPE that the war will also deal a death-blow to that system of rigid specialisation that has been so soul-destroying in the past. I was very glad to see the young apprentices at work in the tool room. At this particular establishment there is a system of passing them on from one machine, one type of work,

to another, so that in time they get a thorough knowledge of the whole of their job. The manager of this particular department told me that these young apprentices, when they have served their time, will be a type of worker that does not exist in this country. When they seek employment at some future time they will have half a dozen chances to the one which the man who can only call himself a "fitter" or a "turner" possesses. This should not only improve their chances as workmen, but ought to make the work more interesting and helpful to themselves. Moreover, in times of industrial change, it ought to make them of much greater value to the country. Adaptability has been the winning slogan of the war; surely adaptability in labour will be a tremendous advantage to everybody concerned, and a great step in advance over that older system which the factory and the trade unions seem to perpetuate—the system whereby the worker can do one highly specialised part of one job only, and loses his individuality in the monotonous reiteration of one form of work.



### Worth While

**A**NOTHER development is the "Welfare Work." Before the war, it is true, such firms as Cadbury's at Bournville, Colman's at Norwich, and Lever's at Port Sunlight, had done excellent pioneer work in this direction, but one may now prophesy that after the war it will be the regular thing in all large factories to have welfare officers for both men and women, and that serious efforts will be made to cater for the mental and physical needs of the workers in their spare time. I know that there are a great many ills to be remedied in this tremendous industrial activity brought about by the war, but we are living in revolutionary days. Surely, after all our sorrow and toil, the Britain of the future will be a better place to live in—better for the child and the woman, better for the worker.

*The Editor*



## VENICE, QUEEN OF CITIES.

The Magnificent Court of the Palace of the Doges and the Domes of St. Mark's.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.



The Lion  
of St. Mark.

Photo:  
J. M. K. S.

The Piazza of Venice and the Lion of St. Mark, which, with the venerable basilica, is the oldest monument in the city. Beyond is the entrance of the Grand Canal.



The City  
of Canals.

Photo:  
D. Molaleh

The famous Bridge of Sighs which leads from the Palace of the Doges to the gloomy dungeons  
of the city prison.



## THE "ROULEAU" CROCHET LACE

USE Arden's Lustrous Crochet Cotton,  
No. 30.

Commence with 84 chain.

1st row.—Miss 3 ch. 1 tr. 2 ch. 1 tr. 11 sp. 13 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

2nd row.—Miss 4 ch. 9 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 1 lacet 7 tr. 11 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

3rd row.—1 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 bar 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

4th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 lacet 2 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

5th row.—1 tr. 8 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 lacet 1 bar 1 lacet 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

6th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 bar 1 lacet 1 bar 2 sp. 7 tr. 7 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

7th row.—1 tr. 6 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 2 lacets 1 bar 2 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

8th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 2 bars 1 lacet 2 bars 2 sp. 7 tr. 5 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

9th row.—1 tr. 4 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 3 lacets 1 bar 3 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

10th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 3 bars 1 lacet 3 bars 2 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

11th row.—1 tr. 2 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 4 lacets 1 bar 4 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

12th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 4 tr. 2 sp. 4 bars 7 tr. 4 bars 2 sp. 4 tr. 2 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

13th row.—1 tr. 2 sp. 4 tr. 2 sp. 3 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 4 tr. 1 sp. 3 lacets 2 sp. 4 tr. 13 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

14th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 3 bars 4 sp. 7 tr. 3 bars 1 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

15th row.—1 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 2 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 5 lacets 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

16th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 4 bars 2 sp. 7 tr. 1 bar 1 sp. 7 tr. 4 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

17th row.—1 tr. 5 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 4 lacets 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

18th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 3 bars 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 6 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

19th row.—1 tr. 7 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 2 lacets 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

20th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 bar 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 8 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

21st row.—1 tr. 9 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

22nd row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 10 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 10 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

23rd row.—1 tr. 11 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 4 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

24th row.—10 tr. 15 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

25th row.—1 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

26th row.—9 tr., spaces to end of row, then 1 tr.

### For the Corner—First Half

Commence corner on the 20th row of pattern.

1st row.—10 tr. 14 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 7 sp. 5 ch. turn.

2nd row.—8 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 10 tr. 13 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

\*. ABBREVIATIONS: tr., treble; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sp., space. 1 bar is 6 ch., 1 lacet is 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch.



## THE "ROULEAU" CROCHET LACE

3rd row.—10 tr. 14 sp. 4 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr.  
7 sp. 5 ch. turn.

4th row.—8 sp. 7 tr. 15 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

5th row.—10 tr. 14 sp. 7 tr. 7 sp. 5 ch.  
turn.

6th row.—6 sp. 13 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

7th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 1 lacet 7 tr.  
3 sp. 5 ch. turn.

8th row.—2 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 bar 1 sp.  
7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

9th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 lacet  
2 sp. 4 tr. 5 ch. turn.

10th row.—1 sp. 1 lacet 1 bar 1 lacet 1 sp.  
7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

11th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 bar  
1 lacet 1 bar 5 ch. turn.

12th row.—1 lacet 1 bar 2 lacets 1 sp.  
7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

13th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 2 bars  
1 lacet 8 ch. turn.

14th row.—1 bar 3 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp.  
10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

15th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 3 bars  
5 ch. turn.

16th row.—4 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr.  
9 ch. turn.

17th row.—10 tr. 11 sp. 4 tr. 2 sp. 3 bars  
5 ch. turn.

18th row.—3 lacets 2 sp. 4 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr.  
9 ch. turn.

19th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 4 tr. 3 bars 5 ch.  
turn.

20th row.—3 lacets 4 tr. 13 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

21st row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 4 tr. 2 bars 5 ch.  
turn.

22nd row.—2 lacets 4 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

23rd row.—10 tr. 11 sp. 4 tr. 1 bar 5 ch.  
turn.

24th row.—1 lacet 4 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

25th row.—10 tr. 9 sp. 4 tr. 3 ch. turn.

26th row.—4 tr. 7 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

27th row.—10 tr. 6 sp. 5 ch. turn.

28th row.—4 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

29th row.—10 tr. 2 sp. 3 ch. turn.

30th row.—10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

31st row.—10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

32nd row.—10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

33rd row.—10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

34th row.—10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

35th row.—10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

2nd row.—1 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

3rd row.—10 tr. 4 sp. 2 ch. 1 slip-stitch  
to tr. slip-stitch to corner, turn.

4th row.—5 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

5th row.—10 tr. 7 sp. 4 tr. 2 ch. 1 slip-  
stitch into d.c. of lacet, slip-stitch to corner,  
2 ch. turn.

6th row.—4 tr. 7 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

7th row.—10 tr. 9 sp. 4 tr. 1 lacet 2 ch.  
1 slip-stitch to d.c. of lacet, slip-stitch to  
corner.

8th row.—2 ch. 1 tr. on tr. 1 bar 4 tr.  
9 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

9th row.—10 tr. 11 sp. 4 tr. 2 lacets 2 ch.  
slip-stitch to d.c. of lacet, slip-stitch to  
corner, 2 ch. turn.

10th row.—1 tr. on tr. 2 bars 4 tr. 11 sp.  
10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

11th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 4 tr. 3 lacets 2 ch.  
1 slip-stitch to d.c. of lacet, slip-stitch to  
corner, 2 ch. turn.

12th row.—1 tr. on tr. 3 bars, 4 tr. 13 sp.  
10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

13th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 4 tr. 4 lacets  
2 ch. slip-stitch to d.c. of lacet, slip-stitch  
to corner, 2 ch. turn.

14th row.—1 tr. 3 bars 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp.  
10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

15th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 4 lacets  
2 ch. slip-stitch to centre of bar, slip-stitch  
to corner, 2 ch. turn.

16th.—1 tr. on tr. 3 bars 1 sp. 7 tr. 11 sp.  
10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

17th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 4 lacets 2 ch.  
slip-stitch to lacet, slip-stitch to corner,  
2 ch. turn.

18th row.—1 tr. on tr. 3 bars 1 sp. 7 tr.  
11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

19th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 4 lacets 1 sp.  
slip-stitch to corner, slip-stitch along hori-  
zontal tr. 3 ch. turn.

20th row.—3 tr. 2 sp. 3 bars 1 sp. 7 tr.  
11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

21st row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 3 lacets 1 sp.  
4 tr. 1 sp. 2 ch. slip-stitch to corner, 2 ch.  
turn.

22nd row.—2 sp. 4 tr. 1 sp. 2 bars 1 sp.  
7 tr. 11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

23rd row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 7 tr. 2 lacets 4 tr.  
4 sp. 2 ch. 1 slip-stitch to corner, 2 ch. turn.

24th row.—5 sp. 4 tr. 1 bar 1 sp. 7 tr.  
11 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

25th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 13 tr. 6 sp. 2 ch.  
1 slip-stitch to 3rd chain, 5 ch. turn.

26th row.—8 sp. 7 tr. 13 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch.  
turn.

### Second Half of Corner

1st row.—Miss 4 ch. 5 tr. on ch. 4 tr. on  
horizontal tr. 2 ch. 1 slip-stitch into hori-  
zontal tr. and slip-stitch to corner.

## THE QUIVER

27th row.—10 tr. 16 sp. 7 tr. 8 sp. 2 ch.  
1 slip-stitch to horizontal tr., slip-stitch to  
corner, 2 ch. turn.

28th row.—8 sp. 7 tr. 17 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch.  
turn.

29th row.—10 tr. 16 sp. 4 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr.  
8 sp. 2 ch. slip-stitch to  
treble, slip-stitch to  
corner.

30th row.—1 tr. 8 sp.  
7 tr. 3 sp. 10 tr. 15 sp.  
10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

31st row.—10 tr. 16 sp.  
7 tr. 1 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp.  
7 tr. 9 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

32nd row.—1 tr. 8 sp.  
7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1  
lacet 7 tr. 15 sp. 10 tr.  
9 ch. turn.

33rd row.—10 tr. 13  
sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 bar 2  
sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 7 sp.  
1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

34th row.—1 tr. 6 sp. 7  
tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 2  
lacets 2 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp.  
10 tr. 9 ch. turn.

35th row.—10 tr. 13  
sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 lacet 2  
bars 2 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 5 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

36th row.—1 tr. 4 sp. 7 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp.  
3 lacets 1 bar 2 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp. 10 tr. 9 ch.  
turn.

37th row.—10 tr. 13 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 2 lacets  
3 bars 7 tr. 1 sp. 2 lacets 7 tr. 3 sp. 1 tr.  
3 ch. turn.

38th row.—1 tr. 2 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 2 bars 2 sp.  
7 tr. 1 sp. 2 lacets 2 bars 2 sp. 7 tr. 12 sp.  
10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

39th row.—10 tr. 12 sp. 4 tr. 1 sp. 3 lacets  
1 bar 4 tr. 1 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 3 lacets 2 sp. 4 tr.  
2 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

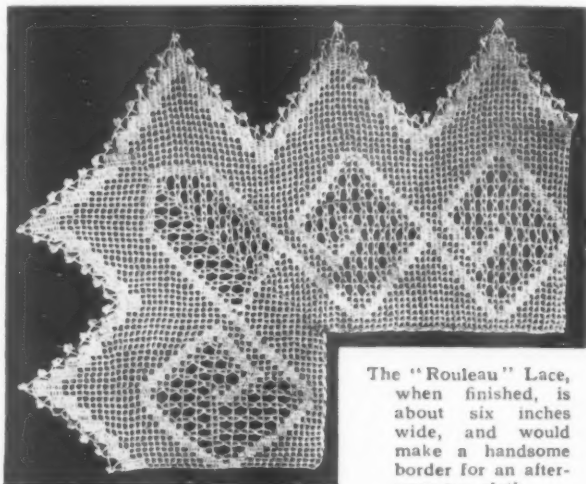
40th row.—1 tr. 2 sp. 4 tr. 2 sp. 3 bars  
2 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 1 lacet 3 bars 1 sp. 4 tr.  
10 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

41st row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 3 lacets 1 bar  
1 sp. 5 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 2 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

42nd row.—1 tr. 3 sp. 7 tr. 5 bars 1 sp.  
1 lacet 2 bars 1 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

43rd row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 2 lacets 1 bar  
1 sp. 4 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 4 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

44th row.—1 tr. 5 sp. 7 tr. 4 bars 1 sp.  
1 lacet 1 bar 1 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.



The "Rouleau" Lace,  
when finished, is  
about six inches  
wide, and would  
make a handsome  
border for an after-  
noon-tea cloth.

45th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 1 lacet 1 bar  
1 sp. 3 lacets 1 sp. 7 tr. 6 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

46th row.—1 tr. 7 sp. 7 tr. 3 bars 1 sp.  
1 lacet 1 sp. 7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch.  
turn.

47th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 1 bar 2 lacets  
1 sp. 7 tr. 8 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

48th row.—1 tr. 9 sp. 7 tr. 2 bars 1 sp.  
7 tr. 9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

49th row.—10 tr. 10 sp. 7 tr. 1 lacet 1 sp.  
7 tr. 10 sp. 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

50th row.—1 tr. 11 sp. 7 tr. 1 sp. 7 tr.  
9 sp. 10 tr. 3 ch. turn.

51st row.—9 tr. spaces to end of row,  
then 1 tr. 3 ch. turn.

Continue from first row of pattern.

### For the Edging

1 d.c. into corner tr. 3 ch. 1 long tr. into  
next tr. 4 ch. 1 d.c. into first ch. (to form  
picot) 2 picots into same chain, 3 ch. 1 d.c.  
into corner tr., repeat to end.

## THE POSSIBILITIES OF POTATOES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

A MONTH or so ago I was invited to a party which, like so many up-to-date social events, was an entirely wartime invention. The party consisted of some dozen guests; but instead of donning our best clothes and sitting in a drawing-room discussing the usual pre-war topics of conversation, we attired ourselves in suitable workmanlike garb, and as soon as we had all arrived accompanied our hostess to the vegetable allotment. The afternoon was spent in lifting the last of a very fine crop of potatoes and trundling home the sacks in a very elegant wheelbarrow. During our picnic tea—and surely never did Government beverage and strictly war-regulation cake taste so good!—a not too practical little woman, who had been manfully trying to do her bit, caused quite a sensation by asking, "What on earth are you going to do with all these potatoes?" and, turning to me, "Do be a good soul and tell us how we can turn our bounteous crops to the best advantage, for there must be lots of people who want to eat something else than boiled potatoes all the winter."

### A Hunt for Varieties

This set me thinking, with the result that I was soon busy begging, borrowing, and perhaps a little stealing, all the available recipes I could lay my hands on, which recipes I feel sure will be useful to patriotic readers who have devoted so much time and trouble to acquiring a goodly store of what might be called our national vegetable.

Let us begin at the beginning of the menu, for though doubtless many housewives realise that potatoes are not only a twice-a-day accompaniment to meat, fish, etc., they do not use the adaptable tubers for soups, entrées, sweets, savouries, breakfast and tea cakes, all of which form nourishing adjuncts to our meals.

So, first, we will consider the possibilities of a potato soup, substantial enough to constitute a lunch or supper in itself.

### Potato Soup

*Required.*—Two pounds potatoes, 1 qt. skim milk, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. margarine or dripping; salt, pepper, and chopped parsley.

Steam the potatoes in their skins, and when mealy take off the skins and mash. Melt the margarine in a frying-pan, and add the chopped onion, which must not be allowed to colour, but only cook sufficiently to be soft enough to pulp. Stir the pulp into the potatoes, and season with pepper and salt. Bring the milk to the boil, pour over the other ingredients, stir well, and return to the saucepan. Cover and simmer for half an hour. The saucepan must stand well back from the fire and the contents be frequently stirred to prevent burning. If the soup is too thick it can be diluted with white stock, the water in which rice or macaroni has been boiled, or plain hot water. Just before serving throw in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Fried sippets handed separately make this course more substantial. Space does not permit of further recipes for soups, so we must now pass on to some potato dishes that will form a vegetarian meal, or serve as an entrée or savoury in a more extensive menu.

### Gnocchi di Patati

Boil and mash 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. potatoes. Make a well in the centre and break in two eggs. Beat well with a wooden spoon. Sprinkle in by degrees 2 level tablespoonfuls of flour, beating all the time. Flour the hands and form the dough into small balls. Drop these into a saucepan of salted boiling water, and cook for five minutes. Lift out with a fish slice and drain carefully. Arrange on a hot fireproof dish, pour a little melted margarine over the gnocchi, and dust with some stale grated cheese. Put into a hot oven just until the cheese has melted, then pour some tomato or white sauce round the dish and serve at once.

### Potato Puff

*Required.*—Two pounds cooked mealy potatoes, 2 oz. margarine, 3 oz. grated cheese, half a small onion, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, seasonings.

Mash the potatoes and beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Add the yolks to the potatoes, the finely chopped onion, cheese, salt, pepper, and milk, and after thoroughly mixing fold in the stiffly-

## THE QUIVER

whisked whites. *N.B.*—When adding the whites of eggs separately they must be folded, not beaten, into the mixture. Folding retains the air which has become entangled in the whites during the whisking, and caused them to become a stiff froth, which when gently stirred into a paste or dough, greatly assists in lightening and "raising" the mixture. Beating destroys the fluffiness by pressing out the air. So having "folded" in the whites, carefully turn the mixture into a well-greased *soufflé* dish or fireproof case, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. This dish must be taken straight to table directly it is taken out of the oven.

### Curried Potatoes

*Required.*—One pound uncooked potatoes peeled and cut into neat cubes,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. dripping, 2 onions peeled and finely shredded, 1 tablespoonful curry powder, and if liked one of curry paste, 1 juicy sour apple, a few sultanas, salt, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  pt. skim milk.

Melt the fat in a frying-pan and put in the onions. Fry till delicately coloured. Add the chopped apple and cook till soft. Sprinkle in the curry powder and add the paste, and work them into the fried onion and apple with the back of a spoon. Add the salt and milk. Cover with a plate and let the contents of the pan simmer for half an hour. Put the potato cubes and sultanas into a basin, pour the hot curry liquor over, cover closely, and let the mixture stand for six hours. Before serving re-cook for half an hour. Serve with the usual accompaniments of boiled rice and chutney. (For a recipe for home-made chutney see last month's number—"Home Department.")

### Creamed Potatoes and Cheese

Boil the potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Place in a fireproof dish with a seasoning of salt and pepper between each layer. For the sauce: One tablespoonful margarine, 1 tablespoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, 1 pt. skim milk. Melt the margarine, work in the flour and add gradually the milk; stir over the fire until the sauce has boiled for four minutes, then put in the cheese, salt, and pepper; cook for two minutes, and pour over the potatoes. Brown with a hot salamander, or sprinkle with a layer of rolled baked crusts and grated cheese, and brown in a hot oven.

### Potato Salad

There are few nicer dishes for a cold supper than a meat or fish mould, or hard-boiled eggs, accompanied by a potato salad. But the salad must be well and tidily made. For this purpose small waxy potatoes are better than large floury ones, which are apt to crumble and look unsightly. If specially cooked for the salad they should be steamed and not cut up until thoroughly cold and firm.

The plainest salad is made of potatoes cut into thickish slices or neat cubes arranged in a glass dish, moistened with oil and vinegar and sprinkled with salt and pepper and chopped parsley.

More elaborate salads are made by adding finely chopped onion or beetroot cut in slices and mixed with the potato before any approved dressing is poured over. In any case, the dressing should not be added more than ten minutes before the dish is served, or it is apt to make the potato sodden. Here is the recipe for a potato salad which provides a very nice and quite substantial luncheon or supper dish:

*Required.*—Ten cold potatoes, 1 small pickled or fresh beetroot, 1 teaspoonful each chopped capers and parsley, 12 anchovies, 4 hard-boiled eggs.

For the dressing: Four tablespoonfuls salad oil, 1 tablespoonful tarragon or ordinary vinegar, 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce or Yorkshire relish, salt and pepper.

Slice the potatoes and put them with the beetroot and capers into a basin. Pour the oil over and toss lightly with two forks. Mix the vinegar with the relish, pepper and salt, and add to the salad. Turn carefully into the serving dish, arranging the salad in a neat pile in the centre. Decorate with the curled anchovies, and place the hard-boiled eggs, cut into quarters lengthways, as a border. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

### Potato Dough-nuts

We will now discuss the possibilities of potatoes as a sweet course, and I can thoroughly recommend these potato dough-nuts:

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooked cold mealy potatoes and pass them through a sieve. Put 1 oz. margarine into a saucepan, and when melted stand the pan on the table and stir in the

# SOMETHING SOME OF US SHOULD KNOW

## A Few Facts about the Dale Treatment of Epilepsy

ONE day, going along the banks of the Thames under the leafy shade of the trees at Hampton Court, my attention was distracted from a half-jealous admiration of a more than usually artistic houseboat moored on the line above Thames Ditton, by a commotion close at hand. A little girl had fallen into the river! Someone rushed in after her, but was unable to swim, and the child was in "out-of-depth" water. Another man was taking off his coat preparatory to diving in, when yet another quick-witted rescuer darted to the river's edge, and, without hesitating a moment, jumped in after the child, who was plunging about in a terrible effort to keep her head above water. He had realised that, by the time the would-be rescuer had taken off his boots and coat, she would have been drowned, and so he waded in, and with a boat-hook was able to succeed in saving her.

It was simply because he saw the cause of the first man's failure and remedied it.

So many have tried with epilepsy—and have "fallen short," or have taken too long in starting, with fatal results.

And the rescuer in this particular case is Mr. Gilbert Dale, the discoverer of a wonderful method of treatment which has cured very many sufferers from this terrible disease that have been designated as "hopeless" by doctors and specialists innumerable.

Mr. Gilbert Dale is what one might call an "outside" medical practitioner, for, setting himself apart from the rest of the medical faculty, he has raised his standard and gone forth into the thick of the battle—alone. But he has met with marvellous success, as numerous testimonials will prove. He holds that the disease, in almost every case, can be entirely eradicated from the system if the sufferer comes to him in time, which seems a very fair and square way of putting the case. And from the word of endless cases which have been cured, his treatment is remarkable and almost miraculous, for there are those who, so long as twenty years ago, came to him in their trouble, and have never had a recurrence since. That is surely something to be proud of, and Mr. Gilbert Dale, in his very excellent little book

on "EPILEPSY: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment," claims full measure of merit for twenty years of successful practice in the eradication of this dread disease. In his own words, he designates himself as a Specialist in Epilepsy, and denies concern with any other disease. To cure Epilepsy is his single purpose in life, and as a pioneer of New Hope for the many he has, I think, no equal.

Unlike the many "quack" methods which one encounters by the hundreds every day, the Dale Treatment is worked upon a sound, personal basis, and a special medicine is given, when required, which relates to each case individually. One does not buy a shilling or two-and-sixpenny bottle of trashy mixture which is little more than coloured water—for that is not Mr. Gilbert Dale's idea of a treatment at all. Whatever is your own particular form of the disease, he will treat it separately, and he emphatically states that his Treatment is guaranteed free from Bromide of Potassium and Poison, which have such a deadly effect upon the patient afterwards in so many cases.

Furthermore, Mr. Dale makes a firm rule never to accept a case which is, in his opinion, likely to prove hopeless, or unable to receive relief, and he also begs you not to come to him until your own family doctor has given you up. Then he wishes you to place yourself unreservedly in his hands.

If, however, after seeing your own doctor, you desire to consult him, an appointment can be arranged by letter addressed to his secretary, 68 Holland Park, London, or, if this is not convenient, application by letter will bring back a particulars form to be filled up, stating the nature of your case, and the complete history of it.

In the handling of so terrible a disease as Epilepsy there should be no hesitation as to seeking suitable advice, and I can firmly say that the Dale Treatment for Epilepsy holds a record which would be hard to beat.

His recent book, published at one shilling, entitled "Epilepsy: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment," will be sent, post free, on receipt of six penny stamps, from the Colston Publishing Co., Ltd., 1 Bond Street House, 14 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.



MR. GILBERT DALE

## THE QUIVER

### "HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

*Multitudes of every social grade have proved the wisdom of linking the mental and laborious tasks of earth to the steady tug of a heavenly purpose.*

The Editor cordially recommends you to link up with the NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME—a star of hope to thousands of imperilled little ones—by sending him a gift for the furtherance of its beneficent and patriotic work.



#### FIFTH REASON WHY.

#### Because it is a Divine Cure for Human Sorrow to Heal the Sufferings of Others.



AILING, BUT HAPPY.

Amid the many sorrows of the War the heart needs this escape from itself. Religion and Science alike urge the futility—and the hurtfulness—of grief turned in upon itself. Enervating self-pity and corroding bitterness are its common fruitage. Christ taught men to turn their sorrow into sympathy, and to transfigure their own grief by assuaging that of others.

Why not dry your own tears by turning the children's tears to smiles?

Please send a gift, however small, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, or write for full particulars to

**THE PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. Haddon Smith),**  
**NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME** 104-122 City Road,  
London, E.C.1.

*Treasurers: J. R. Barlow, Esq., J.P.; Col. Sir Charles C. Wakefield, Bart.*

# Footprints

The supply of "Dri-ped" available to the public is greatly restricted—especially of the heavier weights—the Government requiring the major portion of our future output. We invite your kind indulgence until the time when normal conditions can be resumed.

Being  
a series  
of  
**LITTLE TALKS**  
While you  
WAIT

## POTTED OPINIONS.

#### THE OPTIMIST.

Bless my heart and soul, why invite my indulgence? It's for Tommy, and he deserves the very best, the very best. He'll march better, feel better, win sooner with "Dri-ped" to help. I don't mind waiting—not a bit of it. Not if I have to tramp the snowy streets in my tennis shoes...

#### THE STRATEGIST.

Looks bad, this Government demand for "Dri-ped." A straw tells the way the wind blows. Why are the Government using it? Because it lasts

long. Why do they want stuff that lasts long? Because we're in for a long campaign. Now, a cousin of mine who has a friend who knows someone at the War Office told me in confidence...

#### THE CYNIC.

Perhaps it's a good job too. "Dri-ped" is deceitful stuff. It wears well—I give it its due—it wears two or three times as long as ordinary leather, and keeps out the wet...It wears too well—deludes you into the belief that it will last for ever. And it can't possibly last for ever...



Without this trade mark in purple the leather is a substitute.

**DRI-PED**  
THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

Write for free descriptive booklet, "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear."

© 1 William Walker & Sons, Limited, "DRI-PED" Advertising Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.



## THE POSSIBILITIES OF POTATOES

potatoes with the beaten yolk of an egg, 1 teaspoonful sugar, and some grated nutmeg. When well mixed fold in the stiffly-whisked white. Have ready a frying-pan with hot fat, and drop into it little balls of the mixture. When delicately coloured all over lift out with a fish slice and drain. Serve very hot with a simple sauce or jam.

### Potato Dumplings

Take 2 lb. floury potatoes, cooked and mashed. Add 1 oz. melted butter and the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Flavour with cinnamon, grated nutmeg, or lemon rind, and sweeten slightly. Beat all together thoroughly and form into balls. Cook for ten minutes in fast-boiling water. Serve with jam or stewed fruit.

### Potato Scones

Take 6 potatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. wholemeal flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 1 tea-spoonful baking-powder, 1 tablespoonful dripping or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. skim milk, 1 egg.

Boil the potatoes, let them dry thoroughly, then pass through a sieve. Mash very

smoothly with the well-beaten egg, milk, and fat. Mix together the baking-powder, salt, and flour, and pass through the sieve; then add to the potato mixture. Form into a cake with floured hands and set aside till cold. Turn on to a floured board and cut into three-cornered scones. Prick both surfaces with a fork, and bake on a hot floured griddle. In normal times one eats these delicious scones hot, split, and buttered, but they are more substantial and better for schoolroom tea if eaten cold, with margarine or jam.

### Potato Pastry

This is a good recipe for a plain short pastry, the potatoes eking out the flour.

To each 4 oz. of cold mashed potatoes allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour, 6 oz. dripping,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking-powder, and enough cold water to mix a stiff dough. Mix the potatoes and flour together (it is best to pass them through a sieve). Rub in the fat with the tips of the fingers, add salt and baking-powder, and stir in the water. Turn on to a floured board and roll out once only.

## WHEN HE COMES

"When He comes!  
My sweetest 'When'!"—C. ROSSITT.

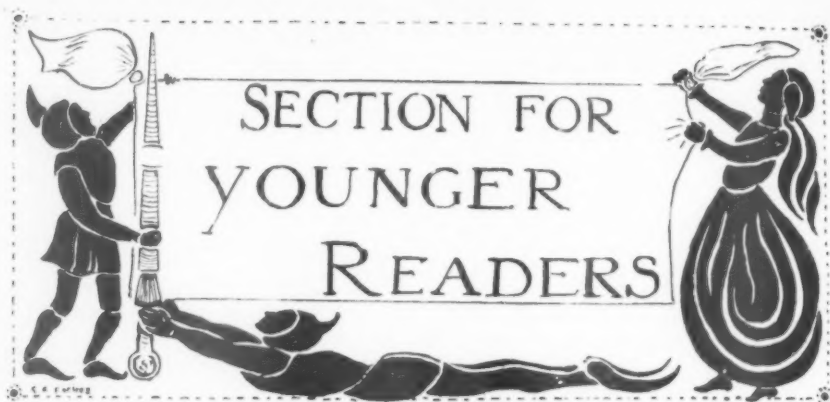
THUS may it be (I thought) at some day's close,  
Some lilac-haunted eve, when every rose  
Breathes forth its incense. May He find me there,  
In holy leisure, lifting hands of prayer,  
In some sweet garden place,  
To catch the first dear wonder of His face!

Or, in my room above,  
In silent meditation of His love,  
My soul illumined with a rapture rare.  
It would be sweet, if even then, these eyes  
Might glimpse Him coming in the Eastern skies,  
And be caught up to meet Him in the air.

But now! Ah, now, the days  
Rush by their hurrying ways!  
No longer know I vain imaginings,  
For every hour has wings.  
Yet my heart watches . . . as I work I say,  
All simply, to Him, "Come! and if to-day,  
Then wilt Thou find me thus: just as I am—  
Tending my household, stirring gooseberry jam,  
Or swiftly rinsing tiny vests and hose,  
With puzzled forehead patching someone's clothes,  
Guiding small footsteps, swift to hear, and run,  
From early dawn till setting of the sun."

And whensoe'er He comes, I'll rise and go,  
Yes, all the gladlier that He found me so.

FAY INCHFAWN.



The Prize Design

## MAINLY ABOUT COMPETITIONS

By "DAPHNE"

I AM very pleased with the result of the Heading Competition which I set in June. Although not many of the headings sent in reach a very high standard of *finished* excellence, yet several of the designs showed great originality, and a large number gave promise of future ability on the part of the artists. All those whose names are mentioned in the List of Honour sent in very good work, and I hope soon to set a competition which will give more scope for their creative powers.

### The Result of the Heading Competition

The prize of One Guinea is awarded to GLADYS K. FORBES for the design shown at the top of this page. This competitor is only 18 years old, and for her age her work is really very good indeed. The drawing is strong and the design is not confused with too much detail—a mistake many otherwise excellent headings showed. One of the most promising drawings was sent in by a boy of 15, CHARLES LANGLEY OWEN, but owing to the somewhat delicate execution it is not altogether suitable for reproduction. GEORGE KLING's heading was very well drawn, and the arrangement of detail was good, but the design was rather prosaic.

The work of the following competitors is very highly commended:

Charles Langley Owen, George Kling, Christian Elizabeth Cameton, Harry Godwin, Ada Booth, Nora Warin, Dorothy Gillings, Avril Anderson, F. V. Aldous, Grace Hyde, Margaret E. Luck, Jean Ramsden, Leslie Butler, Josephine O'Halloran, Horace Gilbert, F. M. Robinson, Elizabeth Anderson, Noreen M. Wright, Theodora Winney, Evelyn R. Poyser, Florence Winsor, Ena James, Kathleen Gage, Evelyn Mary Thomas, Zeena Craig, Girlie Budd.

Several other entries showed great promise, but I have not room to mention any more names. One or two competitors who sent in very good work forgot to put their ages, so I was obliged to disqualify their drawings. Age is taken into consideration in judging these competitions, so, of course, it is necessary for all competitors to comply with this condition.

### Poetry Competition

There was a large entry for the Poem Competition, and here again most of the entries attained a very fair level of merit. The best work was, perhaps, sent in by WINIFRED KINTOUL and "H. S."; but I am awarding the prize to LOIS WAIN (aged 11), for the verses she sent, which show such a remarkable sense of form and so much poetic feeling for a child of her age that I have no hesitation in declaring her to be the prize-winner. Here is her poem:

# RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

## The Secret of a Simple Cure

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains?—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

### CURE THE TROUBLE AT ONCE.

You can do it yourself at home.

Surely you have heard of the wonderful specific that does this? It is called Curicones, a real scientific discovery. Write to-day for a

### FREE HOME TRIAL PACKAGE

and a copy of the little book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It tells the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

### NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which relieves and cures Rheumatoid-Arthritis.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective even from the first dose. They relieve your pains, reduce your swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

**FREE.** Send no money. Sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd. (Dept. Q), 19-21 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please send me your little book, the Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

Signature.....



**SYCURA is bound to please you immediately you see it. It is delightfully soft and fleecy to the touch, yet will wear longer than any other fancy flannel.**

SYCURA is non-shrinkable, thoroughly durable, and is produced in a wide range of delightful patterns to please every taste.

**Sycura**  
REGD

The IDEAL FLANNEL.

In cream and 40 designs.

The most effective material for nightwear, pyjamas, shirts, blouses, tennis and river wear. Ask your Draper to show you SYCURA.

If he does not stock it please communicate at once with the Sole Proprietors:

**The Lanura Co., Ltd.,  
Leeds.**

London Address:

31 MARGARET STREET, W.

**Sycura**  
REGD



## SUPPOSING!



IN THE Summer-time.

WHEN IT'S hot.

AND YOU don't know.

AND can't THINK

WHAT WILL be nice

AT LUNCHEON,

For a pudding.

DON'T WORRY about it.

JUST GET Bird's

BLANC-MANGE powder

AND YOUR troubles

WILL VANISH.

AND SUPPOSING

HE calls.

And stays to lunch!

AND HE says

THIS BLANC-MANGE

Is top-hole!!!

And YOU say

I MADE it.

And HE says

You DO know

WHAT'S good

And THEN—

WELL! SUPPOSING?

### A PRACTICAL HINT.

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange is just what you want nowadays—good food-value and nice—very.

Try a vanilla Blanc-Mange one day soon. Don't think it over, buy it right now!

It's as good as a cream-mould, and—well! lots more wholesome.

Besides vanilla there are five different fruity flavors.

Make BIRD'S Blanc-Mange with condensed milk and you get round the sugar problem.



**PALE  
COMPLEXIONS**

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

**When on your  
Holidays**

your face and skin are entirely at the mercy of the scorching sun and winds, most of the time being spent in the open air. You must therefore prepare your face and hands before starting out. For this purpose there's no better preparation than the world-renowned

**BEETHAM'S  
La-rola**

It is absolutely pure, greaseless, delightfully fragrant and refreshing to use, and a little applied to the face and hands will prevent or remove all traces of Sunburn, Irritation, Redness, etc.

LA-ROLA is quite economical at 1/1½ per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all Chemists and Stores sell it.

**M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM,  
ENGLAND.**

**C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd.,  
CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.**

SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch  
nor Spurt.

Attention is  
also drawn to the  
**NEW PATENT  
ANTI - BLOTING  
PENS.** Sample Box of  
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

**THE LION LEADS IN CURING**

EST. 1847.



It is Nature's Remedy.

**BURGESS'  
LION  
OINTMENT**

Cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fatty or Cystic Tumours, Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds, and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

SEND TWO 1d. STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.

Sold by Chemists, gd., 1/3, etc. ADVICE GRATIS from  
**E. BURGESS, 59 Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.**

**I BUY FALSE TEETH**

Have you any? I will pay 5d. for each tooth pinned on vulcanite, 2s. each on silver, 3s. each on gold, 8s. each on platinum. Cash immediately. Satisfaction guaranteed or teeth returned promptly. Why keep artificial teeth that you do not wear? Write for my FREE BOOKLET, which explains very clearly the value of any kind of artificial teeth. I also buy old gold and silver jewellery (broken or otherwise), for which I pay you full value.

Write for Price List. Kindly mention "The Quiver."

**E. LEWIS & CO.,**

29 LONDON STREET, SOUTHPORT, LANCs.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

**DELICIOUS COFFEE.**

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

## SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

### MOTHER'S LULLABY

Hush-a-bye, baby; the birds are all sleeping,  
Each one has tucked his head beneath his downy wing;

Beautiful the sunset, on high the stars are peeping,  
God has sent rest-time to every sleepy thing.

Gently the breezes stir, o'er the moor and heather—  
And the drowsy branches of every rustling tree  
Whisper "Good-night," as their leaves entwine  
together,

Ere the twilight deepens down upon the daisied  
lea.

Hush-a-bye, baby; o'er the dewy pasture  
Steals the far-off calling of the homeward-coming  
kine:

Some like these once rested near a lowly manger,  
By the little bed of Mary's Babe Divine.

Hush-a-bye, dear baby; to my breast I hold thee,  
As the darkening shadows steal across the darker  
sky.

Rest, my dearest treasure, Love Divine enfold thee,  
Jesu keep my little one till morning light is nigh.

LOIS WAIN (aged 11).

I think you will agree that these are really quite remarkable verses for a child of 11, and will join with me in congratulating our very small poet on her well-earned success.

Out of the very large number of other entries received, the poems of the following competitors are very highly commended:

"H. S." Winifred Kintoul, Enid Blyton, Betty Willmott, Rhoda Bennett, Betty S. Maxwell, Norah May, Emily Rowntree Waddy, Nancie Fidler, Mabel Jackson, Muriel Arnott Grainger, Marjorie Bell, Marion Houldsworth, Kathie McLean, Margaret Harrington, Helen K. B. Gillmer, Ena Reynolds, D. Stuart Gilchrist, Winifred M. Yates, Robina Kirkpatrick, Katherine W. Mortimer, Sybil Morford, Dorothy Annie Kirtley, Dorothy Eileen Lyford, Elsie J. Maund, Doris B. Gunning, Adolphus Clarke, H. H. Griffith, Maggie Maud Davies, Edith M. Chisholm Clark, Hilda M. Smith, Violet E. Adlard, I. Ineary, Annie Smith, Muriel Corbett, Daisy Waters, Agnes Wallace Stewart, T. Randall.

### War-Time Gardens

There is yet one more competition result to announce this month. I am awarding the special book prize offered for the best letter on "War-Time Gardens" to JOHN HOSIER (aged 14), for the following letter:

DEAR DAPHNE,—I have a piece of garden about 6 feet square. I planted it with potatoes a good while back, and sowed broadcast some radish seed before the potatoes were up. I have now a good bed of nice radishes, with the potatoes towering up above them. I am keeping my garden well weeded, which is not a very hard task because the garden all around it is kept clean, and I thoroughly destroyed every weed I came across when I dug it up first of all.

I have been given some pickle, or red cabbage, plants to-day by one of my friends, and I am going to plant them in another piece of ground that my father has given me. To-morrow I am going to Chelmsford, our nearest market town, and there I hope to get some tomato plants.

In one corner of my garden I have a large white

currant tree, and in the opposite corner a patch of mint. The mint is beginning to spread all over the garden. I dare say it will be used to flavour the potatoes later on. I have also been helping my father to plant his garden, as he has so much to do on the farm. I planted a whole bed with potatoes, and I am looking after it entirely. Last night I hoed it all over.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN HOSIER (aged 14).

Doreen M. Showers, Elsie Smeeton, Ida Birkett, and Kitty Willers are highly commended for their letters.

### Can You Write a Children's Story?

Can you write a children's story—a story for quite tiny tots of three or four years old? That is the subject I am going to set for the Literary Competition this month. Stories must not be more than 500 words long, and they must be original, not copied. They may be on any subject you please, so long as they are suitable for very small folks. There will be a prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best story sent in. I won't say anything more now, but when the results of the competition are announced we will talk a little about the main essentials of story-writing for very little children. In the meantime, let us see what you can do without any hints at all.

### An Advertisement Competition

For our artists there is going to be an Advertisement Competition—that is, I want you to send in an original design for an advertisement of some article advertised in *THE QUIVER*. You may choose any article you like, so long as it is something advertised in this number of the magazine. You may work out your design in pencil or colour, or pen-and-ink, or any medium you like, but of course you must send in an original design, not one reflected from some other advertisement. There will be a prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best entry.

### Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and in the case of literary competitions must be written upon one side of the paper only.
2. The competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper—and all loose pages must be pinned together.
3. No entries can be returned unless a stamped and addressed envelope, large enough to contain them, is enclosed.
4. Entries must be received at this office by September 20th, 1917, and must be addressed "Competitions," *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Will you please note that you may not

## THE QUIVER

send in more than one entry for each competition? Competitors may enter for both competitions each month if they please, but not more than one entry must be sent in for each.

### My Letter Bag

Once more I have had a large number of letters. A great number of readers sent stamped envelopes for replies, and these have already been answered by post. I have had a very interesting letter from IRENE GRANT about books, and reading and writing in general. IRENE is going in for a business life, but hopes some time to be able to take up journalism. I hope she will, too, for she writes a very good letter indeed, and ought to do well with her writing one day. MARION BROOKS is another excellent letter-writer. Marion has a very good idea to propose. She thinks it would be nice if several QUIVER readers were to club together and run an amateur magazine of their own. I think it's a splendid idea, and if any of you would care to write to Marion about it, will you address your letters to her, c/o "Daphne," THE QUIVER, and I will forward them.

### A Correspondent Wanted

CHRISSIE POTTS very much wants to find a girl of about her own age to correspond with. She is 15, fond of painting, photography, and reading. She has no sisters and only one brother, who is married, and she is sometimes rather lonely, and would appreciate a letter-friend very much indeed. Is there anybody who would like to write to her? If so, I shall be glad to send your letters on.

Another very interesting letter I have had is from EDITH G. WISBEY. This reader is collecting orchids. She lives in Essex, and has found nine different specimens in the district, besides several other kinds in different parts of England. She wants to know where the Man Orchid and the Spider Orchid grow. I have found the Green Man Orchid in the New Forest, in Hampshire, but I believe it is more commonly found in Kent and Surrey. The Spider Orchid grows in Kent, too, but it is more widely distributed over the country than the Green Man Orchid, having been found as far west as Dorsetshire, and northward as far as Northampton. If any readers have found

specimens of these flowers, I think Edith Wisbey would be glad to hear where you discovered them.

Many thanks to all the readers who have written to me about the amateur magazine WINIFRED LAWSON wanted to join.

### Some Recommended Books

Here is a short list of books recommended by various readers:

Maud Diver: "Captain Desmond, V.C.," "Desmond's Daughter."—Recommended by MARGARET S. HOLROYDE.

Gene Stratton Porter: "Freckles." William J. Locke: "Stella Maris." Myrtle Reed: "Lavender and Old Lace."—Recommended by ENA REYNOLDS.

Bessie Marchant: "Joyce Harrington's Trust." Mrs. G. de Horne Vaizey: "A College Girl." May Baldwin: "A City Schoolgirl."—Recommended by KATHLEEN SMART.

I should like to thank here all those readers who have sent me lists of books. I hope to give a few titles every month now. When a book has been mentioned once I shall not give it again—at any rate, not until some time has elapsed. Even though it may be some time before your own particular list appears in these pages, I hope that you will all send me in lists of books occasionally. I am often asked to send a list of titles by return post, and then your letters, with your descriptions of the books, are very useful indeed. So whenever you read a particularly interesting book, I hope you will think of me and write and tell me about it.

### Stamps and Stamp-collecting

The competition results have taken up such a lot of room this month that I am afraid there is very little space left for any talking on general subjects. But several competitors have written to me about their stamp-collections, so I have decided to give what little time there is left to talking about stamps. What I am going to say is only for quite beginners, so if you already have a large collection and know a lot about stamps, you must skip this next paragraph, for it won't interest you at all!

The principal difficulty for a person who is beginning to collect stamps is to find out what countries different stamps belong to. Here are a few hints which may help readers who are experiencing this difficulty:

German stamps are marked "Reichspost," Austrian stamps "Österreichspost," Hungarian stamps "Magyar Kir Posta."





## Sugar a necessity for the Children! How to make it go further.

CHILDREN must have sweet dishes for happiness and health. Sugar is their natural stimulant; it gives the energy and warmth necessary for the digestion and assimilation of other foods.

The way to make sugar go furthest is to ally it to the natural sweetening qualities of Bird's Custard.

Thus 2 oz. of sugar, which is quite lost in a pudding, or in stewed fruit, seems multiplied many times over if you use it in making

# Bird's Custard

Then serve the Custard with plain boiled rice, or any steamed pudding, which you need only partially sweeten, or with stewed fruit, and you will thus get ample sweetness.

Remember also that delicious Bird's Custard used in this way adds an abundance of nourishment. For the children's sake, therefore always insist on BIRD'S Nutritious Custard.

*Sold in pkts, boxes and large tins, with the correct selling price marked on each.*

C273b

*By Appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen.*

## REAL IRISH DAMASK

table and house linen direct from the  
Manufacturers.

*Write for samples and price  
list, sent post free on request.*

**Robinson & Cleaver**

36c Donegall Place

LONDON

BELFAST

LIVERPOOL



## KEMOLINE

RAZOR SHARPENER.

1/-

TUBES.

*The Famous*

*Metal*

*Compound.*

Chemically Pre-  
serves Your Razor.

Indispensable for Your Strop. Con-  
tains No Grit or Emery. Quickly  
Sharpens all sorts of Razors. Re-  
vives Dull Safety Blades.

Of all Stores, Cutlery, &c., or

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO., 56 Kingsway, W.C.2.

## STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS



THE  
PICTURE  
OF  
HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

*Tottenham, Sept. 29th, 1913.*

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN

EE

NO POISON.

EE

# Get rid of your Skin Trouble There is danger in delay— get Antexema to-day

Use Antexema and at once stop that horrid, worrying irritation, which annoys you all day and keeps you awake at night. Get rid of those ugly disfiguring face spots, that patch of eczema, or other skin illness by using Antexema. You can start your cure this very minute. Immediately you apply Antexema your irritated skin will feel cool, easy and comfortable. Continue applying Antexema, and soon and for ever all signs of skin trouble will vanish.

Antexema is not a greasy, messy ointment which soils your garments and looks unsightly on the skin, but it is a beautifully made emulsive cream which soon ends every skin trouble. Antexema is a physician's remedy of indisputable merit, and every bottle is prepared from the original prescription. Doctors have proved the marvellous power of Antexema over skin illnesses, and therefore they use it in their own private practice. It is unique as a skin remedy.

## Antexema is all British

Antexema cures every skin complaint, however long it has lasted. Whatever else has failed, Antexema is sure to succeed. Eczema, rashes, bad legs, bad hands, face spots, insect bites, and all other sore, irritated, or blotchy skin conditions are thoroughly and permanently cured by Antexema. Get a bottle at once, before your trouble becomes worse.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis & Burrows', Parkes', Timothy White's, and Taylor's Drug Co., at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle; or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/-, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.



# Famished HAIR CELLS

Hair-failure is due to starved roots and cells. All the legion of hair troubles vanish if you strike at the root. It is the same in every ill—you must go right to the heart of the trouble. What the grey, languishing, dropping hairs

## call for

is an adequate food—a real nutriment. ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL gives an immediate new vitality to the feeble roots and the "feeding" cells beneath them. It produces a soft silky sheen and texture; a full, luxuriant growth, radiating a true natural hair-health. Supplied in Gold Tint for fair hair.

# ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is sold in 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67 Hutton Garden, London.

Don't worry!  
I'm here

**KEATING'S  
KILLS**

**BUGS FLEAS MOTHS  
BEETLES**

Tins 1" 3" 6" 1 1/2"

**THE SHOE OF SERVICE  
FOR OUTDOOR LADIES.**

**FIFE**

Brogue Buckle shoe.  
Always smart and  
stylish for Town  
or Country.

**21/-**  
Cash paid  
in U.K.

**IT IS A SHOE THAT'S SURE TO SATISFY THE WEARER**  
Splendidly made from Best Black Box Calf Leather.  
Walking Sole, Cuban Heel. All Sizes and Fittings.  
Send size for price and picture of pattern and price. Free.

**A. T. HOGG (No. 129, STRATHMIGLO, FIFE.**  
The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" Trade.

## THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG BRITISH CITIZENS

Where you find a stamp bearing the word "Comunicaciones" you may know that it belongs to Spain; Portuguese stamps, if they don't bear the name of their country, may be distinguished by the word "Correios." Swedish stamps are marked "Sverige," Swiss stamps "Helvetia." Greek stamps may be recognised by the Greek letters; stamps belonging to Holland bear the word "Nederland." Russian stamps usually have a shortening of the word "Kopeck," this being shortened to "Kop," the "p" being represented by a character which rather resembles our letter "N." Old Italian stamps are sometimes marked "Franco Bollo," but the modern ones, and the stamps of nearly every other country, bear the name in Roman characters, so you

should have no difficulty in recognising them. Of course there are exceptions, and if any reader has a stamp he or she cannot recognise, if they will mount it carefully on a sheet of paper and send it to me, I will endeavour to tell them to what country it belongs. Only please don't send me stamps loose in envelopes. They are so liable to be lost if they are sent in this way.

### Good-bye

Now I'm afraid I haven't room to write any more, so I must say good-bye for another month. Don't forget to write to me if you want anything—and occasionally even if you don't—for I shall always be pleased to hear from you.—Yours sincerely,  
DAPHNE.



*Patron-in-Chief:*

**H.R.H. THE PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT**

*Motto:* "For God and the Empire: By Love Serving One Another"; *Object:* The cultivation personally, and the extension in all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizenship, and of love and service for our Empire

## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

By THE EDITOR

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—I have a surprise for you, and an unpleasant one! Our good friend "Alison" finds she is no longer able to run the "League" pages in THE QUIVER. I wanted her to break the news herself to the Companions, but she tells me that she "has a great horror of 'farewells.'" I can understand this quite well, for I have always thought saying "Good-bye" a horrible performance. Unfortunately, it throws the unpleasant task on to me.

There is, however, this fortunate side, that I am able in this little chat to voice

what I know you all must feel, and to say a great big "Thank you" to "Alison" for all she has done for us. I think it is splendid the way she has taken such an individual interest in each one of the Companions. I know that the kind words and helpful advice she has given to so many of you, not merely in these talks, but in private letters, have been deeply appreciated.

Naturally enough, I have been pondering deeply over the future of the League. There are not only our present obligations to think of, but that "challenge" that "Alison" told you about. More than that,

## THE QUIVER

this great struggling world throws out its own challenge to us—a challenge to much bigger and better things than we have ever done in the past.

Years ago, in times of national crisis, THE QUIVER was ever to the front in good works. I forget how many thousands of pounds were collected for different objects since that distant day when the American Civil War and the Lancashire Cotton Famine made help so urgently necessary. Not so very long ago, QUIVER readers did splendid service in providing a number of boats for the R.N. Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Your parents will remember, if you do not. We then had the invaluable help of Bella Sidney Woolf. Miss Woolf married and went to Ceylon, and consequently we lost touch with her. A year or two ago she returned—for the saddest of reasons, she has lost her husband.

There is a silver lining to every cloud, and Mrs. R. H. Lock, as she now is, has thrown herself once more into that work for the young and suffering for which no one has a greater aptitude than she, and no one a greater love.

I am going to ask Mrs. Lock to take over the League, and I am sure that all my Companions will find in her a true friend.

It is too soon yet to say what Mrs. Lock's plans will be. In the brief talk I have been able to have with her on the subject I was surprised and delighted to find how readily she entered into the spirit of the League, and what splendid ideas seemed to occur to her at once in connection with it. But we must leave this till next month. If she can possibly manage it in the time Mrs. Lock will write the next chat and tell you about her plans for the future.

Whilst I am writing I ought to explain that in future the competitions—which were sometimes a feature of the Companionship talks—will be confined to "Daphne's" section. I am so delighted to see how many of our Companions have already entered for these competitions. Write to "Daphne" for any help you want on literary and competition matters.

Now, Companions, you have all been so loyal to "Alison," so good and generous in your help to the League, that I want you now to give a hearty welcome to Mrs. Lock. Will you write and wish her well in her new work? And will you join with

her in what I believe is going to be a new and splendid chapter in our story of endeavour? Write to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Now for some of your letters. Here is part of a delightfully "newsy" epistle from FRANCES BOSTON:

"Last year I was a censor of the American mail, and more interesting work it would be difficult to find. Many of my neighbours in the office did not care for the work, and several gave it up for that reason; but I loved it and always looked forward to the beginning of the week. Then, unfortunately, my father was losing another man from his office, so asked me to go to him. So I have now exchanged the light and shade of the censor's job for the hum-drum existence of a woolbroker's cash desk."

Well done, Frances! I know this sacrifice must have cost you a great deal, but you have proved your grit by sticking bravely to what you felt was your duty, and the League may well be proud of this Young British Citizen who is doing her rather dull "bit" so nobly!

One of our gallant sailor boys, LIEUTENANT H. DAVIS, writes:

"Just a few lines, hoping you are well. I'm on my journey to the Orkneys to join my ship. I had a nice, easy time at Portsmouth, but am not looking forward to the place that I am now to be stationed at, as the monotony is terrible; it is an awful lonely place. I enclose 3s. for Philip."

Well, I am sure we all hope to hear before long from Lieutenant Davis that his time at the Orkneys is not so very dull, after all!

WILLIAM LAIDLAW is one of many who rejoice at the good news about our girls and boys.

"Indeed," he writes, "the news about Lena, Violet, David, and Philip is excellent. Living such a beautiful life as David is doing, I think he could not fail to be happy. I certainly feel with you that it is lovely that we have been helping the good fairies a bit. I presume Lena's independence will leave us in the happy position of taking a step forward. I am eager for the 'next adventure'! I think our next venture should be for the orphans whose fathers have given their all for the Empire. I shall be pleased to see the suggestions of other Companions wiser than me."

We must pass a vote of congratulation to our clever Companion ETHEL BARKER, who tells us that she has passed second for Norfolk in the scholarship she tried for, and expects after the summer holidays to go to Norwich Higher Grade School.

Well, I must say good-bye, but not until I have reminded you to be sure and give Mrs. Lock a really hearty welcome.

Your true friend,

THE EDITOR.

# BROWN'S BARLEY KERNELS

MAKE A HAPPY FAMILY



**MOTHER** knows a 4½d. Box will make 10 Nutritious Puddings without the aid of Eggs.

**SISTER** knows it is good for the Skin and Complexion.

**FATHER** knows it prevents Kidney Trouble.

The **BOYS** know it is ever so much nicer than rice.

And they **ALL** know it makes the very Best Barley Water obtainable.

*Brown's Barley KERNELS not only make delicious Creamy Puddings without the aid of Eggs, but also make the Purest Barley Water. Simply pour boiling water on Brown's Barley KERNELS, stand and allow to cool. Nothing better. Nothing easier.*

*Brown's Barley KERNELS differ both in kind and quality from any preparation of Barley on the market. Sold only in Branded Boxes, 4½d., through Grocers, Stores, etc.*

W. & G. BROWN, Cereal Food Specialists, DERBY.



Miniature Facsimile of Box.





*"To Cure—is the Voice of the Past.  
To Prevent—is the Divine Whisper of the Present."*

## INDOOR WORKERS.

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood, and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man *swallows*, but from what he *digests*, that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is, *chewing the food thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to be until ineffectual fermentation takes place.

*A Judgment Rule*—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adapted in principle by all doctors of eminence, and we recommend their use.

**"A little at the Right Time, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong."**

ENO'S FRUIT SALT MAY NOW BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.



# Ideal Milk

## WITH STEWED FRUIT

Try IDEAL MILK—just as it is, fresh from the can—with your fresh or stewed fruit, Tarts, Puddings, etc. You will find it a delicious and most economical alternative for Cream.

IDEAL MILK is simply the richest cows' milk from which the excess moisture has been removed. Guaranteed always Fresh and Pure—No Sugar—No Preservatives.

Diluted, for every purpose of fresh Milk;

Undiluted, for every purpose of fresh Cream, except

**IT WON'T WHIP**

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND STORES